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HISTORIA

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY
MAGAZINE OF
HISTORICAL STORIES.

HERODOTUS



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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

HISTORIA.

VOL. III.

NOVEMBER, 1893.

NO. 8

A STORY OF THE SEPOY MUTINY.

By MAJOR HENRY DURST.

It was on the last day of December, 1857, that the regiment of Sikh cavalry, with which I served during the mutiny in India, was marching southward from Melrut towards Futtebgur to join a strong force under Lord Clyde who was advancing from Cawnpore. We were within ten miles of a place called Bewah, and Lord Clyde was known to be somewhere about thirty or forty miles away, but owing to the disturbed nature of the country we had found it impossible to locate him very closely.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock on the night of which I speak I was awakened from a sound sleep by an officer sent by our commander. I was told that news had come that a strong body of the rebels had advanced to Bewah, and was thought to be between us and Lord Clyde. In addition it was reported that a picket which had been sent out in the afternoon had been surprised and cut off.

The officer informed me that my orders were to take a command of twenty-four men and if possible to learn how much truth there was in these rumors; also to find whether any force of the enemy occupied the road ahead, and to pick up what other information I could.

Hastily ordering one of my horses to be saddled I carefully loaded a two-barreled

pistol which I owned, and proceeded to inspect the men and horses of my party, who were already drawn up a few yards from my tent.

Finding everything satisfactory, I put myself at the head and we moved silently away. It was a serene, quiet, cold night, and the moon was shining forth with that intensely clear brilliancy only seen in the tropics.

As soon as we were well clear of the camp I sent scouts ahead, and made the men follow each other in single file on each side of the road, where the ground was soft and the horses' footsteps could only be heard a few yards away.

In this cautious manner we advanced eight or ten miles before anything occurred. Then one of the scouts ahead rode back with word that two of our soldiers lay dead on the road about half a mile away, and that he had identified them as belonging to the patrol which had gone out in the afternoon.

Giving orders to my party to follow quietly, I galloped forward with the man who had brought the news. Soon we reached the bodies which lay, evidently, just as they had fallen. One of them, a fine, powerfully built fellow, was stretched full length across the road. He had been partially stripped and lay in a pool of his

own blood, his body covered with gaping sword-wounds. His sabre was still in his clenched hand and it was evident that he had made a desperate fight. The other man lay under a tree a few yards off, and had apparently been killed while trying to escape, for he had been shot in the back and had fallen on his face.

Both men were quite cold and had therefore been dead some hours. It was now very plain that our patrol had been attacked and probably all killed. We moved forward again in the same manner as before, but had not gone far when the same scout came sweeping back with the news that two more members of the patrol were ahead, badly wounded, but alive and able to talk.

I galloped forward, and found both the men sitting up, supported by the trunk of a tree. One of them was delirious, but the other, though weak from loss of blood, was able to speak, and from him I obtained a tolerably clear account of what had occurred.

Merwin, the officer in charge of the patrol, had reached Bewah without any alarm, and had there learned that the British force under Lord Clyde was still about twenty miles ahead. Being well-mounted himself, he had picked out a couple of men to attend him, with the intention, if possible, of reaching Lord Clyde's camp and opening communication with our column.

Before leaving his men Merwin had given strict orders that they were to keep a sharp lookout. As the day wore on and no signs of any rebels appeared, the patrol relaxed its vigilance and went to a village to prepare the evening meal.

Suddenly, just as it was growing dark, the squad was surprised by a band of fugitive rebels from a place called Etowah who had been defeated that day by a body of British. The rebels attacked the patrol which scattered in confusion, some of the men hiding in the village, some jumping on their horses and apparently making their escape, and some like himself and comrade flying down the road afoot, where they were overtaken and killed or left as dead by the rebels. As to whether any

of the Sepoys still occupied Bewah the man could give me no information.

Telling one of my men to remain with the injured soldiers, I set myself to thinking. I was in something of a dilemma. Did the rebels occupy Bewah or not? If so, what was their strength? To be able to answer these questions was the main object of my expedition. And what had become of Merwin and his escort? Had they fallen into the hands of the enemy, or had they made their escape? The difficulty with me was how to ascertain these points without being seen and attacked.

After careful consideration I resolved to take four picked troopers and to go forward as near as I could to the town and trust to the chapter of accidents to give me the necessary information. I therefore ordered the main body of my command to halt under some trees about half a mile from the village at the side of the road, while I, with four men, started on my mission.

We cautiously approached the little town expecting every moment to be challenged. At length I halted and listened anxiously for any of the usual noises that might betoken the presence of troops in the place. Not a sound was to be heard. We therefore advanced confidently into the village, which we found deserted and empty. Indeed, the only noise that greeted our ears was the echo of our horses' hoofs as we rode through the street. There was not an inhabitant to be seen. So far, so good. The enemy was certainly not there.

At length, as I turned a corner of the street a man started out from under a house door where he had been crouching, and ran off in front of us, finally turning down a side street. I shouted to him to stop, but he took no heed; and as I urged my horse in pursuit he disappeared through a gate. Hastily following him I found myself in a courtyard overlooked by the windows of half a dozen houses. Through the chinks of the door of one of these dwellings lights could plainly be discerned.

When fairly in the yard I could not help glancing anxiously around feeling how easily I and my four men might be shot

down from the upper windows in the event of their being any of the enemy within. I was, however, determined to gain admittance. So I dismounted and began beating loudly at the door, demanding to be let in.

My men had cocked their earbines, and were ready for any emergency that might arise. At first there was no answer to my summons, but I could hear through the wooden door a hurried consultation in whispers going on inside, and at length a voice, tremulous with fear, demanded who we were and what was our business.

As soon as I said that I was an English officer the door was opened and I found three men sitting over the embers of a wood fire. I demanded of them who they were, and which of them was the man whom I had seen run into the house. Upon this a respectable looking native came forward and assured me he was an employe in the intelligence department of the British force under Lord Clyde, and that he had been sent to see if he could gain any news of the whereabouts of the force to which I belonged. In proof of his assertions he produced several official documents.

From this man I found out a good deal that I wanted to know. None of the rebel troops were left in the village, as they had passed through in hot haste in their flight from Etowah, thinking that they were pursued by the cavalry of the British force which had defeated them. But of Merwin and his escort he had heard nothing, nor did he know of the present whereabouts of the rebel troops. Upon hearing this I sent back one of my troopers for my men whom I had left behind, and on their arrival I placed them in the caravansera just outside the town, to which was attached a small courtyard with high walls, with a gate at the back by which they could beat a retreat towards our camp in the event of their being hard pressed, and I cautioned the officer in charge to keep a sharp lookout and to patrol the roads leading to his post.

Meanwhile I determined to press on in company with two picked men to ascertain if possible the precise whereabouts of the enemy's camp, and also to find out

what had become of Merwin, about whom I was not at all easy in my mind. I was not, however, without hope that his good luck and his readiness of resource would carry him safely through his daring and perilous ride.

It was now drawing near to 4 a. m., and the moon, that had previously been so bright, had for some time past been obscured with clouds, so that it was no longer easy to distinguish objects at any distance.

As in a couple of hours it would be broad daylight it was necessary for me to make the most of the darkness that remained, which was, of course, favorable to our movements. At night I might easily be taken, especially with my escort, for a native horseman; whereas, as soon as it was light I should have no chance for an instant of being taken for anything else than what I was. Accordingly I and my escort left the caravansera, and, riding forth, we again struck along the road in the direction I wished to explore. Sending one of my men ahead with instructions to keep about three hundred yards in front, and, in the event of his being stopped, to have a plausible story ready, endeavoring to pass himself off as a rebel trooper, we proceeded at a brisk trot.

We went on in this fashion for about four miles without seeing or hearing anything. As I knew from my map that we must shortly come upon a good sized village we then slackened our pace. On getting within three or four hundred yards of the town I halted under a group of trees at the side of the road where we were well concealed from observation, and ordered one of my men to enter the place and see what information he could pick up. Meanwhile I and the other trooper who was with me waited where we were. In about twenty minutes the man returned bringing with him a respectable looking Brahmin whom he had found in the village and whose house had on the previous evening been sacked by the rebels, and who was therefore naturally anxious to be revenged on them.

This Brahmin informed me that the Sepoy force, of which I was in search, was encamped about a mile to the right of the

road, on the farther side of a thick grove of trees, which concealed it from observation, and that the rebels would stay there at least till noon of the coming day. Furthermore, he volunteered to act as my guide and to point out to me their exact position, on condition that I would go there while it was yet dark, for if we stole up to the enemy in the morning, we should be discovered almost to a certainty, and, although I might escape by flight, he would assuredly pay the forfeit with his life.

As I was fully resolved not to return without precise information if it could be had, I decided to accept his offer. Looking back at my resolve through the vista of years it seems now, perhaps, that it was a foolhardy undertaking; but I was only twenty at the time, and at that age the spirit of adventure and daring is strong.

Looking toward the east, I fancied that I could already detect a faint reddish tinge upon the edge of the horizon, which betokened the coming day. There was no time to be lost. Making a slight detour in order to skirt the village we proceeded across the plain which was here and there dotted with small clumps of trees. I carried on a whispered conversation with my guide with the object of finding out as much as possible about the rebel force. He said that in his opinion it consisted of about six hundred infantry, two hundred cavalry, and twelve artillery pieces. He was positive as to the latter point, for he declared that he had counted the guns as they had passed.

We had not gone far before I distinctly beard the busy hum both of men and animals that always goes up from a camp in India; and, looking in the direction from which the noise came, I could see the glare of the camp fires reflected with a murky light against the sky. Cautiously we walked our horses along, the Brahmin on foot close beside me. All our senses were on the alert, and I was careful to mark and notice, as far as possible, the bearings of the country, and the direction in which we were going, a precaution on which I had afterwards good reason to congratulate myself. Arrived within three hundred yards or so of the camp, we

halted under a thick clump of mangrove trees to reconnoiter further. My guide said he must now hurry back to the village in order to get there before it was daybreak.

"Yonder, sahib," said he, "is the camp, and you will have a good view of it as soon as it is light. A few yards to your right is a cart track which will lead you straight back to the village whence we have come. But," added he, "you are only three, and if they should catch you, you may wash your hands of your lives. May God preserve you."

The honest fellow would take no reward, though I pressed money upon him, and as I watched his retreating figure through the gloom I tried to realize my position. Here was I with only two of my men within three or four hundred yards of nearly a thousand bloodthirsty rebels. I did not even know where their sentries were, and they might be within a stone's throw of us for all that we could see.

Indeed, I was surprised that we had not been challenged long ago. At any rate, for the time being the only thing to be done was to remain where we were till the dawn of day, inasmuch as my present post was admirably suited to my purpose, which was to see and not be seen. It was a clump of low, leafy trees in the middle of a high dahl field, on slightly higher ground than the camp, and overlooking it. Seated on my horse, as the day gradually broke, I could easily, from time to time, distinguish from this point of observation groups of rebel soldiers clustered around the numerous campfires, whose lurid and fitful glare every now and then brought out in strong relief all surrounding objects. There were the long line of picketed horses, and the camels sitting down in readiness to be laden, making the night air resound with their hideous bellowsings. There were, moreover, many little signs and tokens with which my campaigning had already familiarized me, which plainly told me that the rebels contemplated a march as soon as it was day.

Once more I cautiously examined the caps of my revolver, and also those of a heavy double-barreled pistol which I carried with me; and having done this, I

anxiously awaited the dawn of day, which, for the last half hour had been faintly flushing the eastern horizon.

The minutes seemed to drag on like hours. Day, however, came at last, and as gradually it grew lighter and lighter the critical nature of our position came home to me with startling clearness. A sort of dare-devil feeling, however, took possession of me and made me resolve at all hazards to endeavor to find out that which I wanted to know. As soon as it was light enough to see anything I drew out my field glass from its case, and advanced to the edge of the clump of trees under whose shelter we were hidden from view, and my eye swept the camp from right to left.

At first, owing to the uncertain light, I could not perceive any heavy guns, but at length I managed to see where they were. I could only make out four, and I had strong reasons, from what I had heard, for believing that there were more; judging from the position of those which I could see I thought that the rest must be hidden by a row of tents at the farther end of the camp. This was provoking, for it was about the strength of the rebels in artillery that I had instructions to gain accurate information. It was, however, high time to be off, as it was impossible that we could remain undetected much longer where we were. For the past quarter of an hour, moreover, my two troopers, though as brave and reckless fellows as any man could wish to have with him, had been growing uneasy and repeatedly urged me, if I had any respect for my own life or theirs, to be off while we could.

"All right," said I, "I will just go forward to the edge of the field to find out if I can see any guns behind that row of tents and then we will be off."

Saying this, I advanced cautiously to the edge of the field, bending my head low down on my horse's neck, and hidden by the tall berbage and the row of bushes. I could see now, behind the tents, and there were the guns all packed in a row, twelve in number. This accorded exactly with the information that I had received, and was all that I wanted to know. The only thing that remained to

be done was to get away unperceived as quickly as possible. I put my field glass in my holster, and was preparing to walk my horse cautiously back to the clump of trees, in order to make a start with my men from there, when my horse, seeing and hearing many of his kind in the camp, suddenly pricked his ears and gave a loud neigh, as a friendly intimation of his presence.

He was instantly answered by half a dozen equine throats in the rebel camp. Aroused by the noise, a black-headed native who evidently had been sleeping under the shelter of the bushes close by, started up and gazed at me for a moment in blank astonishment. Instinctively I drew my pistol and leveled it at him. Recollecting, however, our critical position, I hesitated to fire as I foresaw that the report, close as we were to the rebel camp, would inevitably betray us to the enemy. I therefore tried to terrify the man into submission. Accordingly I called out to him in a low voice to come to me at once or I would shoot him. Instead of obeying he took advantage of my momentary hesitation, and, recovering from his first astonishment, turned round and fled like a hare in the direction of the camp, shouting with all his might and main as he did so.

Our position was too critical to try to stop him, and I saw at once that it was high time to make good our escape while we could. My two men, whom I had left concealed under the clump of trees, had grasped the situation at once when they saw the man running and rode up to me exclaiming:

"We must ride for our lives, sahib, for that man will bring the whole camp upon us."

"Yes," said I, hastily, "we will ride for the village and if hard pressed we will separate and make the best of our way to the main body of the picket."

So saying we put spurs to our horses and dashed away. We had not gone more than eighty yards, when three rebel horsemen appeared from a clump of trees on our left front and, urging their horses to their utmost speed, rode down upon us with the evident intention of cutting off

our retreat. I drew my sword from its scabbard. I was in front, my two men close behind. On came our foes at full speed, and as the foremost horseman neared me, I calculated on engaging him with my sword. Just as he came within three or four yards the thought flashed across me that I could not afford to let him detain me, as time was everything to us, and that I might perhaps be able to make short work of him with my pistol. Quick as thought I dropped my sword letting it hang by the knot from my wrist, and, snatching my pistol from the holster, I leveled it full at my opponent, a big, black-bearded Mohammedan, and fired as I passed him at about two yards' distance. The ball hit him fair in the side, and for a second he reeled in his saddle, then, dropping his uplifted sword-arm, he tumbled headlong to the ground. A thrill of exultation bounded through me as I saw him fall.

Meanwhile one of my troopers had engaged another of our assailants. The rebel was a brave fellow enough, but he was no match for the siuewy soldier behind me, who, after a rapid exchange of blows and parries, managed to get inside his guard, and gave him such a slash across his face with his sharp sabre that he fell, blinded with blood, from his saddle. The third of our enemies, who had cautiously ridden some yards in the rear, seeing the fate of his two companions, took himself off to the camp, and we were left free for a few moments to continue our way unmolested.

All this, though it takes some time to relate, happened in a few moments. I knew it would not be long ere we should be hotly pursued, for as we rattled our horses over the wide plain I could hear a tremendous uproar in the rebel camp, which was by this time thoroughly alarmed. Casting a hurried look behind me I could see that my worst anticipations were realized. Already a dozen or two of the rebels had leaped upon their horses, and, sabre in hand, with wild shouts and gestures were urging them on at their utmost speed as they strove to gain upon us.

A ride for dear life, thought I, as I

caught sight of them streaming after us. Faster and faster yet I led the way over rough places and smooth, looking well to the ground in front, and my two men kept close beside me. Our horses had been out for hours, however, while those of the enemy were quite fresh, and we had not gone above a mile when I began to fancy that our pursuers were gaining upon us. Before a another half mile had been passed this idea of mine ripened into a conviction. Three or four of the rebels were coming rapidly up with us, and were two or three hundred yards in advance of the rest. If only they succeeded in stopping us in order to fight them, I saw that the whole pack would be upon us, and we should all perish to a certainty.

The rebels also could afford, owing to their numbers, not to spare their horses, while, if ours were once pumped, nothing could save us. Nearer and nearer they came, and their shouts of exultation and hatred, were borne to my ears as they triumphantly fancied themselves sure of their prey.

"We must separate!" cried I, at length. "Ride off to the right and I will go straight on."

I thought that by this move we might, perhaps, divert our pursuers and some of us would have a chance of getting off. My men immediately turned away to the right, although still headed to the village. This ruse was fortunate enough for them, but it did not avail much for me. Casting another glance behind me, I saw to my dismay that our enemies did not appear to trouble themselves at all about my companions, but all four of them continued to ride after me, for it was, as I might have anticipated, the English officer whom they had marked for their prey, and whom they were thirsting to kill.

Closer and closer they crept up to me. They were riding at a headlong pace, and I was forced to let out my horse to his utmost speed in order to keep ahead of them. Already the foremost was less than a hundred yards behind me. Even now, though thirty-five years have passed since that day, it makes my blood jump to think of it.

In the excitement of the ride I natural-

ly had not looked far before me ; but now I suddenly saw, just thirty or forty yards ahead, a dike full of water which we had passed over on our way to reconnoiter the camp. A thrill of hope and joy passed through me. It was a very fair jump, but nothing out of the way for a good horse, and I knew that mine was a fencer, and would clear the stream. There was a very good chance that the horses of the natives would refuse the leap, as the Hindoos seldom practice their horses at jumping.

My pursuers seemed hardly more than fifty or sixty yards off, and had it not been for the hope of placing the dike between myself and them, I should have been forced to have turned and fought it out to the last. Four to one, however, was hopeless odds, and I rode straight at the dike. As I neared it, the thought flashed with a terrible misgiving through my brain that my horse might perhaps refuse to leap, and then my pursuers would be upon me instantly.

Deadly as was my peril I had yet the coolness and presence of mind to steady my horse somewhat as he came up to the leap, and for a moment to slacken his speed. The gallant animal, a big, powerful Australian gelding, set his ears as he saw the leap in front of him ; and when, at the critical moment, I dug my spurs into him with all the energy of desperation, he answered to the call, took off well, and landed on the far side clear, despite a somewhat rotten bank. Assuredly at that moment I felt little tempted to agree with the palmist or the college professor that 'a horse is a vain thing for safety.'

My good nag had scarcely regained his stride when the four leaders of my foes were on the brink of the dike. Scarcely daring to hope that I might escape I looked anxiously around to see if they too got over. Two out of the four were slightly in advance, and they rode straight at the dike. To my intense delight their horses both refused the jump. The other two did not attempt it, and they all rode along the bank to find a place where they could cross. As I pulled away from my pursuers my spirits thrilled with exultation at my renewed prospect of escape,

and I was unable to restrain a shout of defiance at my baffled foes, which was immediately answered by an angry carbine shot from one of them, that did me no harm, as I was then almost out of range.

Again I headed straight for the village, which in my wild race I had ridden a little wide of, and which was now but a short half-mile distant. Once safe through that place the chances were that I would find some of my picket with whom I had left orders to patrol the road in that direction as soon as it was daybreak. Once more I looked back. Full twenty of the Sepoys were on the further brink, but as far as I could make out, not one had succeeded in crossing. After riding another two hundred yards I saw that half a dozen of them had at length managed to get over and were following me up as before with frantic haste, and doing their best to make up the ground they had lost. On they came but I had such a start that they did not gain on me much before I reached the village and for the time was lost to their view.

As I rattled down the main street of the town, which was surrounded by a high wall, a few of the villagers, just aroused from their slumbers, came out to the doors of their houses and gazed curiously at me as I passed. On nearing the old arched gate at the further end I heard a shout behind me, and on looking around I saw my two men, from whom I had parted a few minutes previously, coming down a by street. They had taken advantage of our pursuers having gone in chase of me alone to make good their flight to the village, and thinking themselves comparatively secure, were taking a pull at their horses. They were overjoyed to see me, as they had given me up for lost. There was, however, no time to talk. Our horses were all pretty well pumped, and I knew that our pursuers were hard upon our track, and that the villagers would be sure to point out to them the route we had taken.

As we neared the arched gateway leading from the town I saw a native closing the swinging gates, completely shutting off our retreat. Shouting vengeance

against the rascal we dashed up, leaped from our horses, and threw ourselves against the barrier. It did not budge. Looking around we saw a heavy piece of timber which we picked up and used as a ram. All three of us, exerting our greatest strength, rushed with the ram against the gates. They shivered but did not break. Three times we did this with no result, and we were about giving up hope when, on the fourth trial, the wooden pocket in which the bar fitted broke, and the gates flew open.

Just as the road was cleared for us, seven or eight of the rebels appeared about five hundred yards away, coming galloping down the street. At the sight of us they gave a savage yell and came sweeping on.

"Lead the horses through while I drag this timber to the other side. We will try and shut the gates on them!" I cried.

In a moment we were outside. "Quick! quick!" said I. "Give them a couple of shots from your carbines before we close the gates!"

I had hardly finished speaking before the two shots rang out. Their success exceeded my most sanguine expectations. The foremost horse fell headlong to the ground. Wedged in as they were in the narrow roadway and going at headlong speed several of the riders immediately behind were unable to stop or steer clear of the fallen animal, and as a result three or four more men and horses went to earth together.

We closed the gates and propped the timber against the center, fastening them securely, we hoped. Then we leaped on our horses and started away. Before we had gone 150 feet one of the Sepoys reached the gate and fired through the bars, bringing to the ground my gallant horse who had served me so well. Fortunately I landed clear, and in a second had vaulted to a seat behind one of my men. Several more shots were fired but they flew wild.

In some way our pursuers managed to open the gates with little delay and again

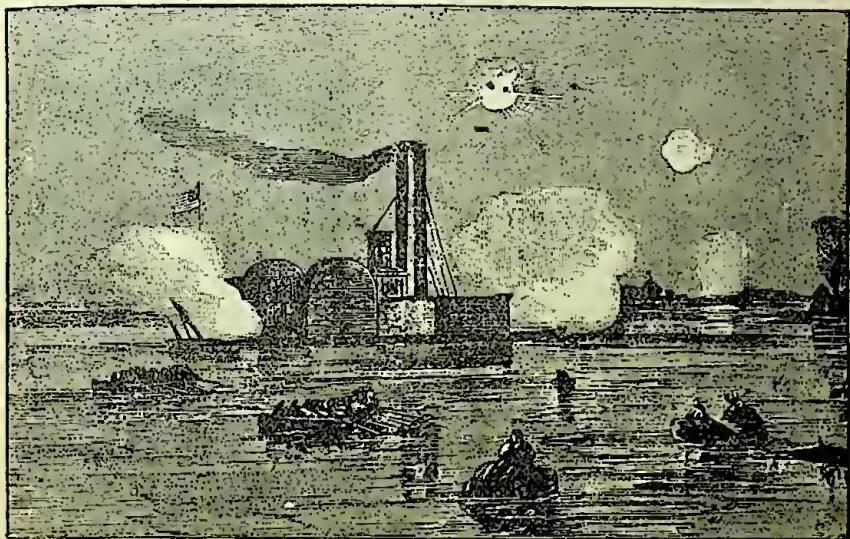
were howling after us. On looking behind I saw that there were only four of them, so I resolved to stop and fight, thinking we ought easily to manage four Sepoys.

As soon as the natives saw us halt their eagerness suddenly vanished and they pulled up also. We fired at them and they retreated out of range, but whenever we moved forward they would dash after us firing. When we would turn they would fall back. Their game evidently was to delay us until more of their fellow rebels came to their assistance.

In this they undoubtedly would have been successful had not a patrol of my picket appeared, coming to our assistance on the gallop. At this sight the Sepoys scurried away as fast as they could. The patrol had been concealed in a clump of trees about a mile from the town and had been attracted by the sound of the shooting. By means of his field glass the officer in charge of the squad had quickly taken in the situation and hurried to our rescue.

I learned that my command was still at the caravansera awaiting my return. Being anxious to give our horses as much breathing-time as possible after their severe exertions, I proceeded at a walk in the direction of the picket, taking care to keep a sharp lookout to the rear, in case we were again pursued.

Arrived at the caravansera, I found the remainder of my men duly on the alert and ready to receive me. After a short halt we began to retrace our steps towards the camp, which we had left the night before. We had only gone about three miles or so when we fell in with the advance guard of our own force, which had already struck its camp and was on the march. Upon reaching the main body I made my report to the general in command, and had the satisfaction of receiving a good deal of praise for the information which I brought, and warm congratulations upon my narrow escape. Some days later we learned that Merwin had been captured by the Sepoys and afterward put to death.



DESTROYING THE VICKSBURG.

GUNBOAT LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

By WALLACE C. BARTLETT.

Early in 1862 Admiral Foote reported from Island No. 10 that the Confederates had on the Mississippi river thirteen gunboats, eight of which could be used as rams. The Federals had no vessels that were able to meet these rams.

Immediate action had to be taken, so the navy department sent Colonel Ellet to the west to purchase boats which he could convert into rams. At Cincinnati four powerful steamers were obtained, one of which was called the *Queen of the West*. These vessels were strengthened in every way, the bows being filled with solid timber, the boilers protected by twenty-four inches of solid oak, and the pilot-house plated.

In a very short time these alterations were completed, and the next thing was to find crews for the craft. Nearly every one was sceptical about the success of the rams and volunteers could not be found for the new service was thought to be very dangerous. Colonel Ellet then re-

ceived permission to obtain soldiers from the army. At that time I was a private in the Fifty-ninth Illinois, of which Alfred W. Ellet, brother of the colonel, was captain. Our whole company, with another from the Sixty-third Illinois, was assigned to the duty, and I unexpectedly found myself a member of the crew of the *Queen of the West*. Before I was through with water service I was convinced that it was a dangerous business, for I barely escaped capture when the *Queen of the West* surrendered, and I was taken a prisoner from the Indianola.

When the rams first started on their career they were painted black to make them look as dangerous as possible. There was not a gun aboard any of them larger than a musket. Each boat had twenty sharpshooters who fired from loop-holes. The *Queen of the West* was Colonel Ellet's flagship, and Captain Ellet commanded the *Monarch*, another ram.

Our first engagement was before Mem-

phis on the 6th of June, 1862. The battle was begun by the Confederates, who fired on the Federal fleet which was about two miles above the city. Colonel Ellet at once ordered the Queen of the West to advance at full speed. As we passed the Monarch he called :

"Follow me and attack the enemy!"

The engineer was ordered to crowd on all steam and we raced down the river at great speed. Eighty, ninety, one hundred pounds pressure was successively reported. Dashing ahead of our gunboats we made straight for the nearest vessel of the enemy which proved to be the General Lovell. A heavy fire was concentrated on us, but we sped straight on. As we approached the General Lovell we all braced ourselves for the shock. It came with a tremendous crash. I was thrown flat on the deck and slid along about ten feet. The Queen's chimneys reeled and shook and her upper works were shattered. For a moment I thought we were going to the bottom. But when we hacked away, it was learned that our vessel was sound. The General Lovell was, however, in a serious condition. We found ourselves in too much trouble to pay any further attention to her, but afterward learned that she sank within five minutes, taking down with her a number of her officers and crew.

About a quarter of a mile behind the Queen of the West came the Monarch, and behind her the rest of the Federal fleet in line of battle. Before the Queen could regain her headway, after hacking from the Lovell, the Confederate rams, Beauregard and Price came rushing at her from different directions. We made a great effort to turn the Queen so that the coming blow would not be at right angles. A moment later the Beauregard lunged into us, striking our vessel just forward of the wheel.

We had succeeded in turning the Queen a little and consequently the Beauregard did not cut us down, only scraping off our wheel on that side; then, glancing off, our antagonist plunged into the General Price, which vessel was just about to strike us. The blow was a fair one, and the Price had her wheel torn off and was cut down to the water line. The injured steamer made for the Arkansas shore, hut

before she could be run aground she sank. Before the Beauregard could recover from her disastrous plunge into her consort, the Monarch came racing up and dashed right into her, dealing so effective a blow that she too went down in a few moments.

Our gunboats now came up and began pouring terrific discharges of shot and shell into the enemy. But the gallant onset of our rams and the tremendous damage done in such a few moments appalled the Confederates. When our gunboats got within range, the whole rebel fleet turned and did its best to get away. But escape was not their fortune that day. The Little Rebel was disabled by receiving a shot through her steam-chest, and the Monarch then sent her to the bottom by ramming her. The Jeff Thompson, Sumter and Bragg were pressed so hard that they were run ashore and blown up; and the Van Dorn was the only Confederate vessel that escaped.

Never was victory more prompt or decisive than that at Memphis. It was really won inside of twenty minutes. The Confederates lost one hundred and fifty men killed and wounded, and the same number of prisoners. Of our fleet, our commander, Colonel Ellet, was the only one seriously injured. He was shot in the knee, and eventually died from the wound.

This battle conclusively proved the great value of the rams. The Queen of the West was out of the contest as soon as she was struck by the Beauregard, and was taken charge of by the ram Switzerland.

After our vessel had been repaired our next important engagement was in the Yazoo river, when the Confederate ram Arkansas ran through our entire fleet, severely handling the Tyler and Carondelet, and destroying the Switzerland, eventually finding refuge beneath the guns of Vicksburg.

As far as we knew the Arkansas had received no injury from our boats. The dismay in the Union fleet was indescribable. It looked as though the enemy had built a boat which was impervious to shot and shell. What was to prevent her coming out and destroying our entire fleet at her leisure.

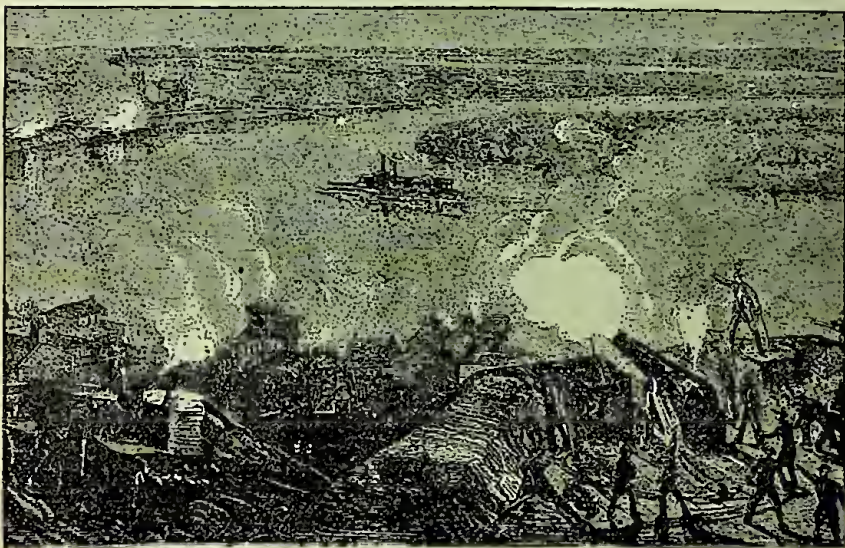
Alfred Ellet had succeeded his brother in command of the rams. He offered to go down in the Queen of the West and attack the Arkansas at her wharf. He was taken at his word. It was thought that the Queen would surely be lost, but if the Arkansas was destroyed the cost would be slight.

The dangerous nature of this enterprise is apparent at a glance. It looked as though certain death awaited those who should be aboard the Queen, so the number was made as small as possible. Colonel Ellet accepted the services of Lieu-

As we passed the Benton our commodore stood upon the deck and shouted to us: "Good luck! good luck!"

Unfortunately Colonel Ellet understood these words of cheer to be "Go back! go back!" and, reluctantly obeying the supposed command, turned about under a heavy fire and steamed back to the Benton. Then the mistake was explained.

Much provoked at this unfortunate error, for now every gunner in the batteries was watching us, prepared to give us a warm reception, Colonel Ellet again brought his ram about and dashed in at



RUNNING THE BATTERIES OF VICKSBURG.

tenant Hunter to second him in command and called for a volunteer crew—four soldiers to help run the steamer, and three negroes to act as firemen.

At the call for volunteers from the soldiers I was one of quite a number that stepped forward, and was of the four finally selected. Three brave negroes also offered their services.

On July 22, at dawn, the expedition started. The Essex and Benton went ahead of us to draw the fire from the batteries. At the proper moment we sent the Queen rushing past the Essex and Benton, and headed at full speed straight for the Arkansas.

full speed, aiming at the beam of the Arkansas.

In consequence of running into an eddy at the foot of the bluff where the Confederate boat was moored, our estimate on the effect of the current was miscalculated, and instead of striking the Arkansas a square blow, we came in contact with her at a slant, only smashing the shaft of her engine, when we had hoped to crush in the whole side of the craft.

Glancing off, the Queen was carried far down the stream by her own momentum and the force of the current. Then we were directly exposed to the fire of over fifty heavy guns on the bluff. It seemed

hopeless to try to escape; a shot through our boilers would put an end to us. But we resolved to die trying, and, turning about, struggled slowly and laboriously up stream against a five mile current.

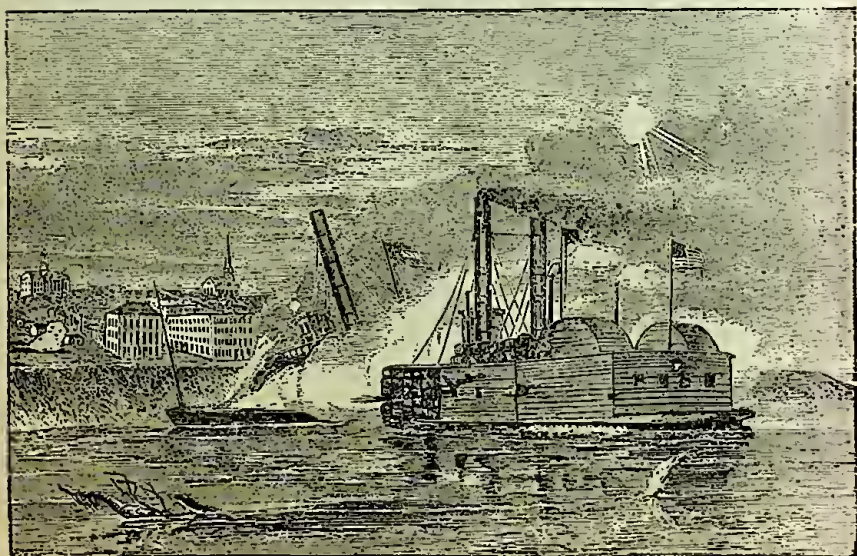
Round shot plowed through the funnels of the sturdy Queen, over and under her boilers, and made a complete wreck of her upper works, but never a ball struck the vital spot. And, strange to say, to the great astonishment of our own men, as well as the Confederates, we came out of the ordeal, not a man of the nine of us on board having received the slightest injury.

In November, Alfred Ellet was promoted, and Charles Ellet, his nephew, took

destroyed three large, loaded steamers, they and their cargoes being valued at fully \$400,000. Wherever we appeared we struck terror into the foe.

On the 10th of February we started on what was to be our last cruise on the Queen, accompanied by a well made little ferry boat called the De Soto. We swept vengeance down the Mississippi, destroying whatever could be of use to the enemy. On reaching the Red river we turned up that stream. Learning that some miles up the river there were three steamers lying under a battery, Colonel Ellet determined to try to cut them out.

Boldly we ran ahead, and just about dusk came in sight of the steamers.



LOSS OF THE QUEEN OF THE WEST.

command of the Queen of the West. About this time the rams were armed with heavy guns and made useful as fighting ships as well as rams.

On the 1st of February Admiral Porter ordered the Queen to run past the batteries of Vicksburg to attack a valuable river boat, the City of Vicksburg, which was anchored under the batteries below the town. The Confederates had moored the boat in such a position that it was impossible to strike her fairly. We rammed her as best we could, and fired turpentine balls into her, setting her afire.

Immediately after this we were sent down the river, and in a three days' cruise

As soon as we were within range the batteries opened on us. They were in fine position, their guns were heavy, and they were served so well that almost immediately we were seriously hit several times. Colonel Ellet was soon convinced that the place was too hot for us, and ordered the pilot to back the Queen out. By moving back 100 yards we would be out of danger. But the pilot, in attempting to withdraw, ran the boat on to a sand bar near the right hand shore.

Our situation was now desperate. Nearly every shot from the batteries struck the boat. Round shot were plunging through her, shells were bursting on the deck, and

we were in such a position that we could not reply. I ran to the pilot house and took refuge there, and thus could see everything that occurred.

The air was filled with fragments and exploding shells, which flew before, behind, and all about us. Three huge 32-pound shells exploded not twenty feet from me.

Soon we heard a crash among the machinery below. Word was sent up that the lever which regulated the engines was shot away.

Another crash and we learned that the escape pipe was gone. Still another and the steam-chest was fractured.

Then there was consternation. The whole boat shook with the rush of the escaping steam, which penetrated every nook and cranny. The engine room was crowded with engineers, firemen, prisoners, and negroes who had taken shelter there, believing it the safest place. Their fate must have been a terrible one.

Every moment we looked for the boilers to explode, expecting to be launched into eternity. Still the batteries kept playing on us, and the unfortunate Queen was pierced through and through.

Many crowded to the after part of the boat. Some tumbled cotton bales into the river, and, getting astride of them, endeavored to reach the De Soto, a mile below. When the steam-chest burst I closed the trap leading into the pilot house, thus shutting out the great rush of steam. Enough managed to get in, however, to make breathing almost impossible. I had presence of mind enough to stuff a handkerchief into my mouth, thus avoiding scalding.

In a short time the steam became so thick that it was evident I would soon suffocate if I remained. So I threw open the trap door and dashed through the vapor out on to the hurricane deck. Several shells exploded over my head, and I decided that it was no place for me. So I swung myself over the stern and dropped on to the rudder.

I was quite safe in my new position, but had hardly managed to get a comfortable position when I heard that three boat loads of Confederate soldiers were approaching.

It was evident that if I wished to avoid

going to a Confederate prison I must do something immediately. I could only swim a very little, but the thought of prison nerved me to jump into the water and strike out for a cotton bale which was just floating by. I managed to make it, and passed down to where the boats of the De Soto were picking up what men had managed to get down that far.

Of course resistance to the enemy by the men aboard the Queen of the West was useless, and all our boys that remained on the steamer became prisoners. We who escaped were taken out of the Red river by the ferry-boat De Soto. When in the Mississippi we narrowly escaped capture by the Confederate steamer Webb, and only escaped by meeting the Indianola, which, under Commander Brown, had run by the batteries of Vicksburg at night under a heavy fire. When the Webb saw the Indianola she turned about and rushed down stream, escaping in the heavy fog which hung over the river.

Several members of the crew of the Queen of the West, of whom I was one, were transferred to the Indianola to undergo another experience from which we were not to come out so fortunately.

The Indianola then continued down the Mississippi to the mouth of the Red river, where she maintained a rigid blockade. At length word was received that the Queen of the West had been repaired by the Confederates, and with the Webb and four cotton boats was advancing to attack the Indianola.

Our commander decided that if possible he had better avoid a conflict with such a superior force. So he steamed up the river toward Vicksburg, hoping to keep the enemy after him until he should receive help from the squadron for which he had sent.

About nine o'clock on the night of the 24th of February, the Indianola discovered four Confederate steamers in chase and close upon her. Commander Brown instantly prepared for action and turned about to meet the enemy.

The Queen of the West was the first boat we encountered, and she attempted to ram the Indianola, but glanced off without inflicting any serious damage. Close behind the Queen came the Webb, headed

straight for us. Both vessels came together bows on with a tremendous crash, which knocked down every one on board our vessel. To our great surprise we again escaped without injury, though the Webb's bow was cut in at least eight feet.

Then the engagement became general and at close quarters. The cotton-clads kept up a heavy fire with field pieces and small arms; but Commander Brown devoted all his attention to the rams, as they were the only antagonists he feared. The battery of our ship was of but little avail as the night was so dark that accurate firing was impossible. Five times the Confederate rams struck the Indianola, but each time at such an angle that no vital injury was inflicted.

The sixth blow was from the Webb. It crushed in our starboard wheel, disabled one of the rudders, and started several leaks. Again the Webb struck a seventh blow upon her sorely wounded antagonist, fair upon the stern, crushing in the timbers, and pouring in floods of water. This wound disabled the ship from further efficient action. As she was fast sinking our commander ran her ashore in order to save the lives of his crew. Then he surrendered the steamer, shattered, waterlogged, and aground, to four vessels mounting ten guns, and manned by over one thousand men.

This disaster occurred about thirty-five miles below Vicksburg. Most of the prisoners were taken aboard the Queen of the West, but, as I had received an injury, I was put ashore at Warrentown, and afterward taken to Vicksburg, where I remained until released when the city surrendered to General Grant.

The Confederates did not gain much by their capture of the Indianola. Her fate was one of the most ludicrous events of the war. She was patched up so that she would float and then taken to Warrentown, a village eight miles below Vicksburg. There the Confederates went quickly to work repairing her, intending, with that splendid steamer added to the Queen of the West, to enter upon a brilliant career of river victories.

But these hopes were destined to disappointment, and at that in a most unheard of manner.

The sailors in the Federal fleet above Vicksburg planned to play a trick on the Confederates in Vicksburg, not thinking of anything but a joke. So they took an old coal barge which they had found floating down the river, and in a few hours piled up timbers on her sides to make her look like one of their gunboats. Pork barrels were piled on top of each other for smokestacks, and two old canoes were used for quarter boats. The furnaces were built of mud, and only intended to make black smoke and not steam.

One dark night slow burning, smudgy fires were built in the mud furnaces, and the queer craft was shoved out into the current and started floating down the river past Vicksburg. When the lookouts on the batteries saw her there was a great commotion, and every gun along the shore opened fire on her. The earth trembled under the mighty discharges, and shot after shot struck the supposed war vessel. But as there were no boilers on her to blow up or powder to explode, and as she could not sink, she moved majestically and slowly along, not even deigning to reply to the mighty avalanche of shot and shell which was hurled at her. For over an hour she was under fire, and then passed beyond the batteries.

All this time there was consternation in Vicksburg. Information of the approach of the terrible monster which their shot could not harm, was sent by the Confederates to the Queen of the West and the Indianola at Warrentown. The Queen of the West instantly got up steam and rushed away down the river as fast as her engines could drive her. The Indianola was not in condition to fly, so the authorities at Vicksburg ordered that she be instantly blown up. A train to her magazine was laid, the match applied, and in a few moments the valuable gunboat was blown to fragments.

The mortification of the Confederates when they learned of how they had been hoaxed, was only equaled by the exultation and amusement of the Federals. The Queen of the West was afterward destroyed in order to escape capture. It was a real foe that menaced her that time though.

THE BARON OF PENTAGOET.

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

It was a grey morning with a mist when the barou started. A storm was threatening.

At another season he would have tarried for the weather; but now it was urgent to consult the governor, and he hied without delay before the snow should come down. And although had weather was certain, yet because the wind was following, the canoes set out as early as possible to run until the storm should overtake them. They left an hour after cock-crowing (though here there were no cocks) and were lost in the mist and darkness or ever they had gone ten rods from shore.

By ten o'clock the mist withdrew farther seaward, and a wind from the north-east got up, so that all the stretch of water visible was up-tossed in leaden waves. At twelve the wind was high and the rain smote in long needles against the horn.

The Dame Mathilde, Stephen, his little brothers and myself, before the fire in the living room, were parching kernels of maize upon the hearth. Sometimes with a leap the kernels blossomed into little roses, sometimes they smoked and blackened in the heat, and now and then one hopped out with a great bound but without blossoming. These we said meant strangers coming, for they did not open to show who they were. Because they were rarer we used to watch to see the strangers leap out and the one who named it first or told where it came from, had the eating of the kernel. Thus as we played with the kernels, Dame Mathilde told us the Indian cradle stories, so that at times the little ones had their heads beneath her skirts with fear of the hobgoblins that she spoke of, or crowed with delight when she told how the wild creatures talk with one another. To-day she spoke of the little men that live under

the water, *Ahtumbaguenosesuc*, and their dances round and round to the noise of a shotted horn. A very pleasant time we were having.

"There are no strangers to-day," said I, watching the kernels lying in a row before the coals.

"It is too bad weather," said Stephen. "We shall have no strangers to choose from to-day. See, the sparks arc out hunting in the soot on the chimney stones; that means a storm. Well, here is the storm outside us and Father Joseph outside too.¹ He will get wet. He always gets wet in storms. That's because Jean Renaud's rheumatism always comes on him in bad weather. When the wind blows down the bay he is always sure that he is going to die so he must be shriven and made ready. Father Joseph gets wet to the skin going to confess Jean Renaud for his rheumatism; then he comes home and has the rheumatism himself."

"What does he say?"

"That if a man is afraid of hell-fire, the rheumatism won't help his courage any, and it is had enough to be a coward without being laughed at for it. So Father Joseph always goes when Jean Renaud sends for him, and when he has the pain on him afterwards he smiles and says it is only half as bad as Jean Renaud's for he knows it won't kill him. But his rheumatism is the worst and Jean Renaud's makes the most noise."

"I wonder——"

"There's a stranger!" cried Stephen.

"Port Royal!" I cried.

"From the governor!" shouted Stephen.

And just then there fell a great hollow beating upon the door. We waited dumb. Again the muffled rapping.

Then the door flew open to let in a great whirl of wind that swept the room from corners to centre; and after it came a tall Indian in the midst of the wind. He stood in the centre of the room where the

gust had reefed up the broken ends of basket stuff, rivers of water running from his garments, and the eddying whirl which baffled in the fire-place, driving out about him a cloud of smoke and ashes which seemed to have walked in with him.

We sprang to the door to shut out the wind. Dame Mathilde fell back and her hand found her crucifix. "Mojohondo! Mojohondo!—the devil!" whimpered the little ones hiding behind her skirts. We all stood staring, and the stranger stared at us, shedding water from every point of his hair and fringes.

"The tall man," said he; "the tall man."

I comprehended it was the baron he wanted.

"He is away—far off," said I in Indian.

"Gone? gone? where gone?" cried he.

I pointed eastward.

"Port Royal?"

"Yes."

The stranger gave a great Indian groan and the pendant drops on the ends of his fringes swelled suddenly and shook off in a shower down to the puddle at his feet. Then he gave vent to a flood of Indian too quickly delivered for me to catch it, but I knew the names of Petit and Perrot and that he came a messenger sent post.

Thereupon he drew forth from his upper garment a bag of doe skin tied to his scapulary, and from the bag a letter addressed in a clerk's hand to the baron. This he held out and looked at witlessly. I too gazed it; Stephen also and all the children.

Had Father Joseph been present he would have seen what to do at once, but none of us there showed proper sense except the Dame Mathilde. She, guessing with woman's wit that the letter much concerned her husband, stepped up boldly, though her cheek flamed scarlet at her own presumption to do such a thing when there were men about, and took the letter from the messenger's hand; then to me and gave it to me, laying her finger first on the letter and then drawing it from her lips. "Make talk," was what her gesture said.

She was the baron's wife and I obeyed her.

At another time I should have been loath to do it even at the wish of so beautiful a woman, for I was not forgetful of my position and my duties to the baron; but now there was urgency and none of them there but myself fit to meet it. I broke the seal and read the missive. Thus:

DEAR ST. CASTIN:—

There is one here who hateth you. Trust him not. It hath but just come to my ears that he and his tool have laid a trap for you to wreak deep vengeance for what they call a wrong. Remember what you have already endured at their hands and never again trust yourself defenceless in them. If he do nothing else he will hold you here and seize your trade; this I know, and there is more that doth not safely lend itself to writing. You know my good will; therefore be warned. By sending a trusty messenger I hope to reach you before you leave, but it was by chance alone that I learned this, since they are secret.

Believe my friendship and my warning.

PETIT.

My heart fell as I read and my face was all aghast.

"Did you not meet him?" I asked.

The messenger shook his head.

"How could you miss him? He left this morning."

The stranger but shook his head.

"Which way, did you come?" For it flashed upon me that the baron had gone by sea and that there was a shorter way from the round bay since called by the English in sport, the Punch Bowl, through the lakes and down the river Marjebigar-duce (which in Indian means a bad landing place) where the tide-rapids are. And by that way, which in stormy weather would be the easier, the stranger signified that he came, for he made the motion of carrying his canoe upon his head, which they do there in passing from lake to lake.

"O mercy on us," cried I in distress, "and the baron went by sea!"

It came upon me like a blow that this man of another nation than my own was being foully trapped to his death, and no one but myself knew of it. I could have fallen to the ground.

For, understand ye that the letter was in French and I read it not aloud at that so that the others knew only what was published in my face. The whole burden of it was upon me—and all that storm out of doors.

FORCE OF ARGUMENT AND ARGUMENT OF FORCE.

"Have you a good heart for hard work?" I said to Stephen in French.

The Dame Mathilde I hadc roast some venison for the messenger.

"As for us," I said, still speaking in French to Stephen, "we shall be wet and hungry both if we fare through this day alive, but there is no other way for it. Come to the magazine and I will make the letter talk to you." So we went out from the baron's door together into the mud and rain.

The roots of courage must at bottom intertwine with those of cowardice and suck the same soil even though at their tops they bear different fruit. My own experience speaks it. Some half dozen times in my life I have carried myself as a rare man should and met mine own approval as I journeyed homeward, and other half dozen times I have played the coward in all five acts and seen shame waiting for me in the wings. Yet in my heart of hearts I have not always been least afraid when I have worn the boldest forehead to my adversary, nor hath it been the satisfaction that it should have been in the thick of it to know that I was acting well when what I most desired was to be quit of the place altogether. But a desperation, or a forgetfulness that the hazard was real or a fear of worse consequences following if I did not do as I was doing has held me to it when all my own courage ran away from me.

That day when I went out from the baron's door into the rain to talk with Stephen, my head was not held high, nor my heart beating proudly; I had none of the look of a hero and all I thought of was that I must do it and would rather die than Stephen should know I was afraid. Yet was I chilled to the bone at the mere thought of the cold, the wet, the storm. Had I dared I would have run and run and kept on running; all that held me was knowing that I could not run so fast nor so far as to winnow from my brain the thought of the baron who had been good to me, lured to his death, and I, the only one who knew it, holding back the knowledge so that none might avert

his doom. Go to him I must, and I made the trial.

In a few words I told Stephen of the governor's treachery and his father's danger. He seemed less concerned than I or else he knew much better the hazard and the chance of failure.

"It is no use," said he; "we cannot find him. Shall we overtake the pigeons that fly southward? They go and are gone. So with my father. Where is he? There is this fog, there are all these islands. What track does the swallow leave?"

"But we may see his smoke on the shore."

He looked at me with a lazy contempt. "Can you tell a thread of smoke from a wisp of fog?" I knew that I could not.

"But we may see his canoes on the beach," I insisted.

"No, we shall not see his canoes. Does an Indian leave his canoes on the shore in a storm to be blown away to sea? He takes them in among the trees where the wind will not find them. You have been too short time with us to learn these things," said Stephen with an air of patronage. "And besides we do not know where to go; if by the lakes, we may miss him when we reach the sea; if by sea —"

"We must follow the coast," said I.

A dark smile fluttered on Stephen's lips. "Follow the shores of the Cap des Roziers to-day!" said he with slow scorn — "see it blow!"

I looked out and saw a driving gust fall flat upon the bay and sweep it. My heart was water as I thought upon the Cape of Roses and its stern rocks where for miles there is no haven for a shipwrecked man, but all an iron-bound coast and no lee from islands. It is the headland that of all upon these coasts gives most trouble to sea-farers, and even in pleasant weather they make haste to pass it before the wind is risen.

"There is nothing to do but to go," said I. "At least they will not encamp till after the Cap des Roziers is past and they may not until they reach Naskeag." Now Naskeag is the last point of land before the bay widens to the ocean and a well-known camping place; there I ex-

pected to find them or along the mainland on the way thither.

"It is no use," said Stephen. "What can we do with a storm like this, we boys? There's not a man in the tribe could handle a canoe in such a storm. The strongest paddler must give out."

"Not paddles but sails."

Then Stephen's eyes stood out with disapproval, and slowly but in very good French he told me as much as that I was a fool to think of such folly.

"We can go and we must. It's a north-east wind and we can run before it until we pass the Cape of Roses. Then we have a lee. It we weather the cape we can live it out."

"But we go down before that. A canoe cannot live, I tell you, in this storm, and I know more than you do about a canoe."

"I am going," said I, "and you go too for pilot." My English blood was warming and I liked little to be withstood by a lad no older than Stephen.

"I won't," said Stephen stoutly.

With that I fetched him a buff upon the ear that knocked him down, and when he rose I felled him again, and when finally I chose to let him up there were no more words between us, and Stephen did not think to say me nay to my proposals.

DAME MATHILDE CRIES US AN "A DIEU."

All this while we were wasting time, yet as the storm waxed no fiercer and it seemed to be settling down to the steadier rain that follows with the ebb, I took the time to make all secure and safe.

In the three months of my stay I had become familiar with many of the customs of the savages and not inexpert in sailing their canoes in smooth weather so that I was not wholly at loss what to provide and do.

But lest it should be unfamiliar how we do in those parts of Acadia and the new world, remember that these canoes of the savages are little vessels, as light as corks, that float upon the working billows and carry no cargo nor have any keel to balance them, nor are steered by a rudder; but the men set up in them upon little thwarts and they are steered by a paddle put out sternwise, and when the sail is

raised the boats, having nothing below to balance it, though they be seaworthy enough in the hands of skillful mariners, are at their best but crank and unsteady vessels, liable to disasters. The most of them are not above three fathom long, but some for seafaring are made bigger, and it was one of these that the stranger had with him. Seven good cloth yards in length it was, a heavy load for one man to carry, and rigged for sail.

Stephen pressed the eyes of the bark to see that she did not leak and tapped the pitch on the seams. From the stores in the magazine I chose a sail of stout cloth, fast bound to the mast; and I sprung the mast and the boom to see that they were sound timber fit for strains; looked well to the sprit; made fast a new sheet to the clue, and fitted the sprit into its becket, that in time of need nothing might play us foul. Then I bore it in my arms to Stephen.

"It is a good sail, Stephen," said I, "new and stout."

But without a word to me he seized a hatchet and cut a full foot from the bottom of the mast. And he dismayed me more, plunging his knife into the whole cloth and running in a bit of ratline-stuff round and about the boom, until I saw that he had reefed the sail close for our greater safety. Then I picked out two paddles of maple, of stout and supple stuff full two yards long, the pure rift wood that they might not split nor break when put to it. And lastly I laid in the canoe, vessels for bailing in case the waves should wash into us.

At the baron's house the stranger sat before the fire eating venison, a large contentment upon his face. Stephen and I entered all wet to the skin as we were and sat down taking our share of meat from the waiting spit. The Dame Mathilde touched us with her finger and chirped a note of pity because we were drenched. I bade her bring good wine for the stranger, and she brought and gave to us all. So we ate. After that I took out heavy cloaks of chamlet cloth from the baron's store, a box of tinder and a steel, a good fusil, with flints and powder horn and bullets, an axe, a compass,

and a good knife, that at our worst estate we might be able to care for ourselves if, escaping the sea, we failed to find the baron; and I bade Dame Mathilde bring a haunch of venison and a flasket of braudy, remembering that Jean Renaud used to say, "In a cold day a flagon of brandy outlays a kildeskin of wine"; of these matters Jean Renaud was ever a judge.

Dame Mathilde looked her questions. I sat down upon the baron's carved chest with the brass locks and scroll work of brass, and drew forth the letter. They all stood about me except the stranger who sat before the spit. "It speaks," said I; "that the baron is in great danger, and some one must tell him. Now Stephen is a boy and I cannot sail a canoe; shall the stranger go with us to steer us?"

Dame Mathilde nodded.

But the messenger turned his back squarely upon us and grumbled in Indian.

It was my last hope. "You know how to steer and sail; go with us," said I; "the baron will reward you with round pieces of gold, good money."

"He says," said Stephen, "that he has delivered his letter and it has spoken; he has done his day's work and moves no further."

"The Father Joseph will curse such a wicked messenger," I said, and Stephen repeated it with zeal. Then to Dame Mathilde: "Here are Stephen and I, boys—shall we go?"

And she said, "Go."

So we carried our belongings down and laid them in the canoe, the cloaks aft with the gun, to keep them dry; the hatchet before Stephen for him to cut off the mast if the wind pressed us too heavily; our little store of provisions forward. We lugged the canoe down to the water, and when she floated Stephen stepped in to lift the mast into its sockets. Then looking back toward the fort, we saw Dame Mathilde running, with her scarlet blanket over her head, the strange Indian strolling slowly and all the children for the frolic of it out to see us off. The Dame Mathilde waved at us something which she bore in her hand, what but the

baron's best swordbelt that she wished sent to him because he shone so bravely in it—which was like a woman. The stranger brought nothing; he was puffing a borrowed pipe. But seeing how light our canoe rode, he tore up a great rock from its bed and, bearing it in his arms, waded out and lay it in amidships for ballast. Stephen was forward by the mast to tend sail, which office he understood better than I; and I for my superior strength took the after thwart to steer the boat, the spare paddle lying by my side.

I pushed off from shore; Stephen untied the sail and it fluttered out. He threw me the sheet. I caught it as the wind took the sail and we turned to wave our hands to the shore. The stranger stood there stolid; but Dame Mathilde tore her scarlet blanket from her shoulders and waved it at us, crying with the mournful voice of a plover, "A Dieu, a Dieu, a Dieu!"

As long as we could see she stood waving her farewell to us.

HOW WE TOOK IT GREEN.

So we glided out from under the shore and breasted into a hissing sea as we made our offing.

The first wave that underran us and flung up our stern, making her to fall off and me to lose control of her, gave me such a falling at the stomach-pit as if I had seen a ghost.

"Hold her on her course! hold her on her course!" cried Stephen in alarm. "If she falls off so we shall be whelmed!"

The next wave that came at us, I gripped my teeth and held my paddle firm. Her head went into it and she tossed the foam as a hull tosses hay; the water came in over us; and yet—(my heart was eased there)—the wave split before us and we passed through the sea, with a wall of water standing on either hand.

The next big wave we rode buoyantly. This time my steering was good. But none who has not been there knows the strain on a man's nerves to meet a sea in one of those cockle-crafts without keel or rudder. A wave is one thing looked at from above, but to gaze into its belly

when it marches on you upreared and hissing takes the courage and the sinews of a man.

"We shall have it worse than this," said Stephen between his teeth when another big sea took us.

"By the maskin, it's quite enough for me as it is," I replied to him. And it was not ill of Stephen then not to fling it at me that he was not the one who was so hot to double the Cape of Roses in a storm.

It was such a tumbling, uneasy sea, boiling on every side with uneven billows and shifty waves, frothing and yeasting, upheaving suddenly where it had been low before, shifting, tumultuous, inexpressibly commoved and distracted, not so big-waved and violent, but uncertain and distempered. Even after we had made our offing—which we did with some yawing for which Stephen scolded me roundly, endangering both our lives as I did—and when we were running before it as near as the wind could take our sail, we being close-hauled for greater steadiness, even then there was danger to untried sailors like ourselves. We seemed to be below the level of the water everywhere. It rose ahead of us; behind us it swelled above our stern; and on either hand as we drew through a sea we divided it and it raced away above the level of our gunwale where the crest was parted.

"It grows no better," Stephen would say anxiously.

"And no worse," I would reply; but words between us were short.

The fog was closing in; the mist became rain again; the wind blew gustier. I have seen days when I wanted my dinner, but never yet did I want a dinner on good dry land more than that time. Still we drove along before the wind heated by and huffeting the billows, taking in a little water now and then so that our knees were sunk in it; where we were and whither we were going as dark as the fog to us, save that the compass kept its lily point well astern and we sailed by the dagger end.

Then suddenly Stephen cried, "Hark! Do you hear?"

I heard nothing.

"Breakers on the Cap des Rozières! I

hear them growl. We are in too far. Hold her well off; 'tis a ragged shore."

I sprang my paddle to change our course but with the sail as it stood all would not do. I could hear the breakers myself booming through the fog.

"Swing the sail; change her course," called Stephen.

"She will dip the lee rail as we come round," I shouted. "She has all she can stagger under now and too much water in her."

Stephen might have unstepped the mast but I was too proud to ask him. There was one chance to make the tack! I took the spare paddle and thrust the handle under a thwart, the blade outboard. As I slackened the sheet and the boom swung round I threw myself out upon the paddle blade and sat my whole weight outboard, hauling the sail. The boom dipped under as she careened, and before Stephen could get his hailing dish ready we were holding a safe course and the breakers on the Cape of Roses were no longer a lee shore danger.

After we doubled the cape we felt the wind less, being leeward of the land, but it came gusty and took us on our beam so threateningly that we kept a sharp watch out for flaws and ran off before them if they were heavy. This was bad for us. The lost ground was hard to recover; the farther from the lee of the land we were driven, the heavier grew the sea; and I was strained and weary with the steering, Stephen numbed with crouching so long in the bottom of the boat. We moved weakly and clumsily. After every gust we brought ourselves back with more and more distress. Cold, wet, tired, and the fog shutting off the shore—so we were tossed about among endless waves; and already it was growing dusk.

Then a gust drove us from our course. Before we could recover another flaw carried us farther seaward and we shipped some water. To add to our distress we found ourselves among bigger waves where we might turn about only with difficulty, and just as we were doing it a third black wind swooped down upon us through the murky fog. I looked ahead where it pointed us—my soul, what did I see ahead!

Stephen saw it too.

It was water everywhere and fog and spray, tossing and driving in blinding mist and—tell me the man who ever saw the sight unmoved—the spouting of breakers beating upon a sunken rock.

If it were but a single rock a man might have heart of grace and steer away, but for one reef patent by the spray how many lie lurking unrevealed! and stronger than one's hope of eluding the dangers seen is the fear that unseen rocks lie everywhere.

Stephen groaned.

I lost my breath. To come so far, to work so hard—to die there! For it spouted to the right of us in narrow compass, and with a dismay that did not even ruffle the edge of my despair, I recollected that the tide must be dead-low, and that the heavier waves which we were meeting were the sign of shoal ground around us—dangers multiplied.

There was nothing to do but go ahead. The flaw was upon us when—O our fate!—dead ahead another foam wreath rose high and fell. With the sail standing I could not steer clear of it.

"Kid it up, Stephen, kid it up," I cried in terror.

I slacked the sheet. He gathered up boom and sail and dextrously swung them about the mast. Under our shortened sail I changed our course. Not without danger though. These ground swells were treacherous and big, and without our sail we could not always run ahead of them. I had flung Stephen a paddle at the first and we both pulled strong strokes; but the canoe, because she carried so much water, which ran astern as we lifted upon a wave, dragged back on us. We started to climb a big wave. A bigger yet ran up behind and broke fair upon us;—a whole barrel of water came in. We labored to mount the next, but the water in us held us back so that we climbed but sickly. Before we reached the top another billow broke upon my shoulders and flooded us. We held upon the crest like a log, just afloat—then sendeth forth heavily on the long swell.

As she dipped the water in her all ran forward and plunged her deep into the

wave ahead. We did not think to feel her mount the opposite heave; it seemed as if we were already under water, and for me I shut my eyes and thought that the water I felt running about my waist was the whole green sea. I only waited to feel it thrash once more upon my shoulders as a sign to die.

It came—not. Very heavily, very slowly, very sick, our boat was rising another wave.

HOW THE BARON KEPT HIS OWN SECRET.

I opened my eyes upon the sight of the same fog and rain and white-topped waves. I was too relieved to be thankful. We had run off the shoal ground and the big swells.

With some labor we held her in for an island dimly seen through the fog ahead of us. There was on it, as we drew near, no sign of house or barn or field; but a tall man in a cloak walking swiftly back and forth upon the beach. In that region it is safest to beware of strangers, but we were too miserable to be afraid of anything human, and we turned toward him glad to drag our wet, chilled bodies upon the shore though it was as drenched as we.

The tall man was the baron. But he gave us no greeting, and regarded us so sternly that Stephen what with the chill and fright and cold looks was almost crying, and I felt that we had better died when we were nearer it than lived to be the bearers of unwelcome news.

The baron pointed us to the camp while he himself made fast the canoe. There we were received by old Madockawando and the others with a clamor of welcome that warmed us more than did their fire, though no man might tell how welcome that was to our frozen bones.

Soon the baron came up and stood like a figure of bronze on the other side the fire. "The canoe they came in is of Port Royal build," said he coldly; and every one there darted a glance at every other one except only the drunken messenger.

The baron came and sat down beside me, throwing his arm across my shoulder. "Give me the letter," said he softly, and yet I had not told him that I bore a message.

I drew forth the letter, and the baron read it before them all while each one strove to read his face. Then he startled me.

"The Dame Mathilde calls me," he said with a laugh. "She has dreamed a dream and Father Joseph says come home. We will obey."

It was with a child's face of simple gravity that he spoke;—artful was the man, and very subtle; no line of his face acknowledged it and yet he owned to me afterwards that a terrible anger gripped his gorge and all but choked him, and the arm about my waist, I felt was rigid. Could it be that one of them there save the drunken messenger did not see that our canoe was made in Port Royal? Did any one of them fail to wonder why the Father Joseph should write his message instead of sending it by word of mouth; why the seal was broken; why we had risked our lives for a woman's wish and the baron gave up an undertaken expedition for a woman's whimsy? They all did know by his look; and yet it pleased him to show them that he could perfectly control his passion. I never saw a man more master of himself than the Baron de St. Castin. Many tales were told of his personal bravery and address; but I admired him most for the singular astuteness which he showed in dealing with men, hending them to his purposes like tallow-dips; for the grip with which he held his own fiery and imperious temper under strong provocements, and for a simplicity of nature, which the French call *naïveté*, that life in camp and court had left unspoiled in him and child-like—these in him seemed to me more praiseworthy than deeds at arms and cool courage in the face of death.

For all that the baron took M. Petit's warning so calmly, he slept none that night. I lay beside him wrapped in the chamlet cloak and the baron was so unquiet all night that it let me from sleeping.

"It is strange," thought I, "that he bears this so well. What! to be delivered from a pressing danger and afterwards to be disordered by the thought of the peril past!"

But I lay very still, and as I thought it

over with myself the old priest's words came back, "Feared by the English, hated by the French, in an ill odor with the government, without fortifications or defenders, and the governor would make him out to be a seditious person." That the governor with more reason for ill-will but no more warrant for the act than he had the first time, should attempt foul play against the baron was but a morning rainbow as to what might follow, boding ill-luck. "I will bear me with eyes wide open" I resolved to myself. "This may yet bring me to a means of escape, for the baron will have some scheme afoot with the morning."

HOW I HEARD DEEP COUNSELS.

That morning when we embarked I made it in my way to be taken into the baron's own canoe with himself and Madockawando. He was gracious and willing.

"You would not have found us," said he, "but for that fool of a drunken Frenchman. He persisted that the day was Friday and naught would satisfy him but to go ashore because it was an unlucky day. I find my luck in doing the best I can on all days, so for fear he would sear all the others—(and I had an eye to windward in that, thinking what might happen if the governor should try to trick me and so I get in a coil with him and lose my credit with the Indians at the same time)—and also because the storm was growing on us, I turned from the course and camped down here where you found us though not four leagues from home. And had it not been for the gusts that drove you out of your way and heaved you upon those unlucky ledges that lie there like a triangle under that streak of sunlight you would never have thought of finding us here. We are considerably your debtors for it too; and as you have broken the seal of the letter—it was well done too and I thank you for it—it lets you considerably inside our counsels which I ask you to respect as much as if I had sought you with the confidence."

"Monsieur the baron, better than that I respect yourself, and it was for that reason we ventured our lives yesterday on

this wild goose errand when a hired messenger would not go forth."

The baron smiled through his tangle of beard. "I am just as much obliged," said he.

The morning was bright and the sun shone through the dispersing fog and dazzled on the water. There was nothing much to look at and as I was tired with my sleepless night I grew drowsy. Seeing this, the baron passed me one of the elocks and making of it a bundle to put beneath my head I lay down in the bottom of the boat and was fast asleep. Yet it was a strange slumber full of the names of sachems and of places that I had never heard of before, and the baron's voice low but very earnest, and Madoekawando's suggesting and assenting. I could hear it but it all seemed to run away from me, and I do not now know whether what I am telling was rightly heard or a dream, though nothing ever came through the gate of horn that was truer.

"Nine hundred in three bands," I seemed to hear the baron saying, but it was too hard to open my eyes, and until I had done that the fear seemed upon me that I was dreaming, nor should I be sure yet but for the events of the years that followed.

"Nine hundred in three bands."

"More—more—six, eight!" said Madoekawando—"Boston, Salem; Piscataqua, Casco, Pemequid, the county of the Narragansetts, the river Connecticut—"

"And Port Royal; we mustn't forget the governor. But we haven't eight chiefs,"

"Egremet," began Madoekawando.

"One," counted the baron.

"Moxus."

"Two," said the baron.

"Norumbec, Squanto, Toxus."

"Three, four, five."

"Abenquid."

"Six."

"And me and you."

"It comes out even," said the baron.

"The wampum shall be learned to-morrow, and the best men shall carry it; it will be a short string to learn."

"But will there be time before the winter for *this*?" asked the baron doubtfully.

"Yes; it is but a four-bead string—one bead the uprising; next, what place; the day; to give quick answer—yes, no, join or not join. The day shall be the next full moon."

"An uprising over the whole county on the next full moon; strike every English settlement the same day; to join or not as they wish but Madoekawando and the Baron Castine send the message," repeated the baron.

"Yes," said the chief.

"And the Iroquois? We can't get word to them?"

"The word will travel to them and they will come to meet it. They smell the carcass far off and will clean all the great valley of the Connecticut bare to the bones. We will send runners west but we need not plan beyond Boston."

"My thought too; you read me my own design," said the baron. "But there is Port Royal; for the governor, unless he is put out of the way, will plan a counter-scheme. He is fast-leagued with the English of Boston and will come to their rescue."

"The governor is mine," said the old chieftain with a smack of his jaws.

The baron laughed softly. "Better the governor's halse than mine if you were to gripple it, Madoekawando."

"The runners shall go to-morrow; the third day when the sun is highest shall be the council of the nearest chiefs."

I began to comprehend that I had hit upon deep counsels not intended for my ears, and that if I were not asleep I had best appear to be so. For that the baron would make ado about throwing me over to the eels and fishes if he guessed that I had overheard him, I had too much sense to doubt. He was a kindly man and he liked me but he loved his own life also, and a man who is run to the wall fights for his own life.

I lay very still, but a greater storm raged within me than the day before had vexed the sea.

Before I had borne the baron's life in my hand; now all the English in New England slept unconscious of a mortal peril which I alone knew. Could I escape to tell them? To give warning—it might be false, nothing certain at least until the

council was held; and escape would be difficult if not impossible; for most like if any enterprise of moment were afoot, unknown to me a close watch would be set upon me. I could not tell what to do, so I decided with a monitory yawn and stretch to wake myself up.

"You have slept well, my son," said the baron, looking down upon me from the stern; it comes to me now that besides believing my slumher real he had no idea that I could so well understand the Indian tongue in which he had been speaking. "You are a sound sleeper, but noth-

ing puts one to it quicker than this hot autumn-sun shining down on the bottom of the canoe. If you were up here now above the rail you would find the wind quite keen enough."

"I have a splitting headache," I replied. "If my head weren't going round like a mill-wheel I think I could sleep three days running."

"All right," said the baron; "we could spare you that long for the service you have done us."

I thought there was a double meaning in the words.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FROM ULM TO AUSTERLITZ.

By H. T. RHODES.

In September, 1805, the Austrians, feeling strong in the new alliance with England, Russia, and Sweden, rashly rushed into war with Napoleon without waiting for their Russian allies to join them.

Eighty thousand Austrians under the Archduke Ferdinand and General Mack marched into Bavaria, and ordered that country to unite its army with that of their own. The Prince of Bavaria begged to be allowed to remain neutral, but his prayer was insolently refused. He therefore retired with his army into Franconia, and awaited the approach of Napoleon, whom he intended to join, as he was so harshly treated by the Austrians.

Napoleon was at Boulogne when an account of these proceedings was brought to him. He had there an immense army which was assembled for the purpose of invading England. Of course all such ideas had to be put aside at once and immediate attention given to the new danger.

At daybreak one morning the trumpets sounded throughout the army the signal "On hoard!" and in six hours two hundred thousand men, sailors, soldiers, artillery, stores, ammunition and arms were embarked amid great enthusiasm.

Everything seemed favorable for the expedition. The evening before there had been a heavy gale which had blown the hockading English squadron down the channel and the road to Britain was clear. All was hushed with expectancy. Every eye and ear was intent for the signal to start.

Suddenly the trumpets pealed again, but to the astonishment and dismay of the soldiers it was "To laud!" The army disembarked again in the same admirable order; but with a very different feeling than that which moved them when they went aboard. The men looked vexed and disappointed, and even murmurs were heard as they retired up the beach.

As soon as the soldiers were all on land a brief proclamation was read to them announcing that war with Austria and Russia was certain, and in consequence there would be a change in the destination of the army.

A great shout of enthusiasm welcomed this announcement, and the ardor was redoubled when they were told that the emperor in person would lead them in these new wars.

And, in spite of the many defeats the Austrians had suffered at the hands of Napoleon, fell into the old error of thinking that the emperor would attack them according to the rules of war which had prevailed for centuries. The passes of the Black Forest had been the almost invariable route of previous French invaders. Therefore the Austrian generals had unscrupulously advanced into Bavaria and taken possession of these defiles and forti-



SURRENDER OF GENERAL MACK AT ULM.

And now Napoleon astonished the world by the rapidity with which he moved his troops to the seat of war. For the first time vehicles were used for quick transportation. Twenty thousand carriages were put in service, with numerous relays of horses, and in an incredibly short time the troops, which had so recently been on shipboard, were camping upon the banks of the Rhine.

General Mack and the Archduke Ferdi-

fied them with all the care and skill at their command. If they had fortified themselves on the river Inn, they would have held a much stronger position, and would not have driven the Prince of Bavaria to have taken up arms against them.

Napoleon's eagle eye soon saw how to confound his enemies. He set his army into motion as though intending to go through the Black Forest, and while the Austrians were all attention, looking for

an attack in front, the French quietly marched around their army into its rear, cutting General Mack off from his country and resources, and reducing him to the necessity of surrendering, or of fighting a battle with scarcely any chance of success.

This brilliant move of Napoleon had not been effected without meeting some resistance. Several severe skirmishes were fought with different divisions of the Austrian army, in which the French were uniformly victorious, and not less than twenty thousand Austrian prisoners were taken while performing this maneuver.

The Archduke Ferdinand and several generals of cavalry saw their danger in time to gallop into Bohemia at the heads of large bodies of cavalry and thus escaped. However, Napoleon caught General Mack and over twenty thousand men in his trap and shut them up in Ulm, and on the 20th of October the place surrendered.

In his address to his troops after the capitulation, Napoleon summed up the results of the campaign in the following words :

"Soldiers of the Grand Army ! In fifteen days we have made a great campaign. We have chased the Austrian troops from Bavaria. That army, which came forth with so much ostentation to insult our frontiers, is annihilated. Of a hundred thousand men that were brought against us, sixty thousand are prisoners. Two hundred pieces of cannon, with all the magazines and stores, ninety stand of colors, and the most celebrated generals of the enemy have fallen into our hands. There have not escaped us more than fifteen thousand men."

In the meantime Massena had driven the Archduke Charles and an army of sixty thousand Austrians out of Italy. And at the same time Marshal Ney was pushing the Archduke John out of the Tyrol. Both these princes retreated into Austria in order to protect their capital, so Massena and Ney joined forces, and Napoleon was able to use them directly with his own division.

With this powerful army Napoleon advanced toward Vienna. Forty-five thousand Russians and Austrians were march-

ing to the assistance of General Mack when they learned of his surrender. They immediately retreated into Moravia where the czar, with his principal army, had made his appearance. The Austrians then made desperate efforts to delay the French so that they might have time to put Vienna into a proper state of defense, and in order to give the Archdukes Charles and John time to arrive.

However, a bold stratagem by Murat and Lannes now won the capital of the proudest royal house in Europe without further bloodshed. Riding forward in advance of the troops, the two marshals saw a party of Austrians preparing to blow up the bridge of Tabor.

It instantly occurred to them that to save that bridge would be worth a battle. Giving directions to the officers who accompanied them to hurry back to the troops and bring up a detachment, they galloped straight to the bridge and commenced a conversation with the Austrian officers about the armistice which the French marshals claimed had just been entered upon. This armistice was an invention, but sounded very probable as the Emperor Francis had sent a messenger to Napoleon asking for one, and this was generally known throughout the Austrian army.

Instead of arresting the daring Frenchmen as the officers at the bridge ought to have done, they allowed themselves to be drawn some distance to the French side of the river. While Lannes and Murat amused the Austrians with fictitious stories the French column approached and suddenly charged across the bridge, capturing it before the mines could be fired. This stroke gave the French an uninterrupted road to Vienna, and Napoleon marched to the Austrian capital before effectual assistance could be organized, taking it without further opposition on the 13th of November.

Six days before Emperor Francis of Austria had left Vienna, and proceeded to the Russian camp, ordering all his soldiers to join him there as soon as possible. With their combined forces the Russian and Austrian monarchs felt sure of crushing the French emperor.

Two days after taking possession of Vienna Napoleon left that city to encounter the combined armies. On his approach the enemy drew back to Olmutz. Napoleon fixed his headquarters at Brunn, a village about two miles from the town of Austerlitz.

Learning that the Czar Alexander was personally in the hostile camp, Napoleon sent one of his officers named Savary, ostensibly to present his compliments to the Russian monarch, but really to make what observations he could of the position of the enemy and of the condition of the troops.

When Savary arrived in the Russian

warriors. He therefore laid a simple trap for them.

The fields near Austerlitz were chosen by Napoleon as the place where he wished the battle to be fought. He advanced his army beyond this spot and, upon coming up with the Austrians, he suddenly retreated on that position with a studied appearance of confusion. The czar sent an envoy to return the compliment carried by Savary. Napoleon met this ambassador outside the lines of his army, pretended much indecision, and let him see, apparently through an accident, a large body of retreating French.



THEY LIGHTED BUNCHES OF STRAW AND FOLLOWED HIM WITH CRIES OF ENTHUSIASM.

camp he found that the czar had not yet risen. While waiting he was surrounded by the Russian generals who talked to him in boastful tones, expressing the greatest confidence in themselves and contempt for the French. They explained that the victories of the French in the past were due to the cowardice of the Austrians and not to any skill or bravery on their own part.

On hearing the report of Savary after his return Napoleon made up his mind that the Russians were very inexperienced

Convinced that the French were demoralized and retiring, the young officer returned to the czar and made his report. This news increased the confidence and presumption of the Russian generals, and on the 1st of December they commenced to follow the French, making the very movements that Napoleon desired. On seeing this, the emperor could not restrain his joy.

That night Napoleon set out for a private inspection of his line. The soldiers soon discovered him and, remembering

that the morrow was the anniversary of his coronation as emperor, they lighted bunches of straw, and followed him with cries of enthusiasm, the veterans thronging around him loudly declaring that they would celebrate the anniversary in a manner worthy of his glory; and they kept their word.

Early in the morning of the second of December a division of the combined army on the march to turn the French position on the right, suddenly found itself opposed by General Davoust, of whose situation they were totally ignorant. The enemy, in false security, was marching carelessly. The intervals between the regiments were irregular.

Napoleon took advantage of this and ordered Marshal Soult to rush his corps into one of the intervals and thus separate the greater part of the left wing from the main body. Soult executed his orders brilliantly. The czar, perceiving the great advantage thus gained by the French, threw his whole strength against Soult, in a desperate endeavor to reunite the army.

The encounter took place on an eminence called the hill of Pratzen. The Russians drove the French before them. In the impatience of what they considered victory the czar's troops were following in considerable disorder. Napoleon sent the Imperial Guard to the assistance of Soult. The reinforcements fell upon the Russians like an avalanche. They resisted sternly, but at length broke and fled. The Grand Duke Constantine, who had led them gallantly, only escaped by the fleetness of his horse.

Murat now advanced with the French center and made several decisive charges, putting the enemy there to flight also. The allies' right wing had all this time held its ground against the desperate efforts of Lannes. When the left and center had been destroyed, Napoleon concentrated his victorious troops against the right. The enemy was forced into a hollow surrounded by a chain of frozen lakes. The soldiers attempted to fly across the ice, but it was broken to pieces by a storm of shot from the French artillery, and nearly 20,000 perished, the greater part drowned.

With great difficulty the Russian and

Austrian emperors rallied some fragments of their armies around them and effected their retreat. Twenty thousand prisoners, forty pieces of artillery, and all the standards of the Imperial Guard of Russia, remained with the conqueror. Such was Austerlitz—the battle of the emperors, the French called it.

The next day the Austrian emperor sought an interview with Napoleon and sued for peace. A treaty was signed by which Austria ceded to France all her Italian and Adriatic provinces, the old German empire was dissolved, and the Federation of the Rhine was established. The remnant of the Russian army was permitted to withdraw unmolested.

Napoleon's triumph over Austria and Russia was complete. But his exultation was sobered by bitter news which reached him just after Austerlitz. England, the one foe that he could not reach, again dashed cold water on his proud achievements.

On the very day after the surrender of Ulm Nelson had totally destroyed the combined French and Spanish squadrons at the battle of Trafalgar. The allied fleet was commanded by Villeneuve, a Frenchman of dauntless bravery and highest spirit. It consisted of thirty-three ships of the line and seven frigates. Nelson mustered only twenty-seven battleships and three frigates.

The great action took place off Cape Trafalgar on the 21st of October. Nelson hoisted the famous signal, "England expects every man to do his duty;" charged in two columns, and broke the enemy's line at the first onset. A tremendous battle followed, resulting in the most glorious victory in the proud history of the English marine. But the battle was dearly bought, for Nelson was mortally wounded, and died just as the action closed.

As showing the feelings of Napoleon concerning the English the following story is told: Denon was engaged to execute a series of medals in commemoration of the battle of Austerlitz, and brought his designs to the emperor for his approval.

"What does this mean?" asked Napoleon, looking at one side of the first medal.



BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

"Sire," answered Denon, "it is a French eagle strangling in its talons the leopard, one of the emblems of the coat of arms of England."

Napoleon dashed the gold medal with violence to the other end of the room, exclaiming :

"Vile flatterer ! How dare you tell me

that the French eagle strangles the English leopard, when I cannot send to sea the smallest fishing boat that the English do not seize upon ? It is, indeed, the leopard that strangles the French eagle. Let this medal be instantly destroyed, and never present any of the kind to me again."

HENRY BERNARD.

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

By JOSEPH MASTERS.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Dead, is she?" said Levrier, "and a good thing too; it will spare her and the commissioners some trouble; I'll take care that it is not a sham, presently. But now for the next: Jacques Ament." And a young artisan, who was imbued with the infidel principles of the age, came forward at once. Without bidding any one good bye, or taking any other notice of Father Laval than by a little friendly nod, (for the good priest had placed himself close to the door by which the prisoners went out,) he merely said, "The comfort is, that when one's head is off, it can't ache, as mine does now;" and so he went out.

"I suppose," said Anson, "that my turn will come next; and then, Louise, you must be prepared for yours."

Father Laval came up, and spoke a few words in a low tone to both father and daughter. Henry had in the meantime discovered that, by listening under a window, near to the door which we have just mentioned, he could catch something of what was going on. He heard the prisoner speak; he heard one or two other voices, which he took to be those of the commissioners; he heard a short laugh, or rather chuckle, from the artisan, who seemed to have delivered himself, by way of bravado, of something intended for wit; and then a gruff voice said, "Let the prisoner be set at liberty forthwith."

"He is acquitted, he is acquitted!" cried Henry; and the news spread almost as by intuition among his companions. But in about half a minute they heard the same kind of shriek that had so terrified them at first; and Bent, looking down, said:

"Acquitted, or not acquitted, they are putting him to death."

"I have heard," said a gentleman who stood by, and who seemed to have

belonged to the army, "that in the September massacres, a condemned prisoner was always ordered to be set at liberty; because it made him walk quietly off, and spared the gaolers some trouble."

Levrier came out again. "Now, then, father," whispered Anson, "if it is my turn, give me your prayers till it is all over." But the gaoler cried, "The next name is Louise Anson."

"It must be mine, monsieur," said the peasant, stepping up. "My name is Jean, and that must come before Louise."

"Ay, well, I see," answered Levrier: "it's a mistake. However, as the girl's name comes first, we'll have her first."

And Louise, after giving her father one embrace, went in as firmly as any of the preceding prisoners.

"It must soon be over, father, it must soon be over," said poor Anson, who had imagined that he entertained not a hope of either his daughter's or his own safety; but when it came to the point, found himself in all the agonies of suspense; "they have been a very long time. Oh, do you think —"

The priest, who had evidently been engaged in prayer, said quietly, "My son, unto God the Lord belong the issues from death."

"I know they do, I know they do," replied Anson. "I will trust Him."

"I can hear nothing," said Henry, "from the window, they are speaking so very low."

By this time Levrier had re-entered the prison; and Bent, then looking down from his place, said, "I'll tell you what, gentlemen, I suppose no one wishes to suffer more than they need. It's my opinion, that those who have gone out by that door made it all the worse by trying to save themselves with their hands. I recommend whoever may come next to hold

his hands down. Take my word for it, it would be much sooner over."

"You say well," said a gentleman. "But what a long time this examination lasts! I hope," he continued, with more politeness than could have been expected from an aristocrat to a peasant, "it may be a good sign."

"Thank you, monsieur," was all that Anson could say.

A pause of two or three minutes more ensued, during which time the priest seemed wrapped in prayer; Henry listened with intense eagerness, but to no purpose; and Bent, on the top of the wall, whistled *Ca ira*.

He had not, however, pursued that occupation very long, before the gate of the town hall again opened, and Louise Anson came forth, accompanied by Levrier himself.

"Citizens," he said, "the republic takes this prisoner under her protection;" and, without further words, he re-entered the town hall.

Bent was amazed to see the mob open to allow the girl to pass; but whither she went Bent did not wait to see. The next moment he was at the side of old Anson, to congratulate him on this unhopèd-for deliverance. Then the old man's agitation was completely at an end, and he answered his own summons as calmly as if it had called him to the most indifferent action in the world.

"They are bringing him out," cried Bent, a few minutes afterwards. And it was true that the old peasant had condemned himself by his first answer; for when asked if he had not a son then serving with M. de la Charrette, he scorned to equivocate, and no other question was put. The commissioners thus thrust him out, as they thought, to certain destruction; but the mob was to give one of those rare proofs, which, sometimes occurred during the history of the period, that it still retained a few human feelings. Louise, almost bewildered at her own preservation, had merely advanced a few steps into the crowd, and then waited to see what would become of her father. When she beheld him driven out on to the very swords of the assassins, she broke

through the persons standing immediately before her, and throwing her arms round his neck, exclaimed:

"You shall kill me before you can touch him."

The men who surrounded him had yet feeling left to admire her devotion; they held back irresolute whether to strike or not; a straw would have turned the balance either way; when Bent, from the top of his parapet, called out, "Vive la generosite;" and the mob, with an involuntary cheer, allowed the old man and his daughter to pass away quietly.

In the meantime another victim had been summoned by the commission; it was a lady who, as she passed Father Laval, merely said; "My husband is in the Catholic army, so I have nothing to hope." And she spoke too truly. Even Bent held his hands before his eyes during the massacre of the first woman who had that day fallen a sacrifice to republicanism.

"Poor thing, poor thing!" he said, as he came down towards Henry, to whom he appeared to have taken a fancy. "Now, monsieur," he continued, "do let me intreat you to put your hands in your pockets, or behind your back, or anywhere but just over your head; depend upon it, you will find it the most comfortable way."

"I am much obliged to you for the interest you take in me," replied Henry, almost provoked to a smile by the manner in which the actor spoke.

"My son," began Father Laval, "only remember that the great thing is ——" but he was interrupted by the voice of Levrier thundering out, "Jules Bent."

Bent made a polite but somewhat theatrical bow to the prisoners generally, laid his hand on his heart to Henry particularly, and went off, saying, "It's not so bad as the first going from the green room on to the stage, though it's my first appearance in this character. Enter Jules Bent, and a gaoler;" and as he went away he chuckled to himself at his joke.

"Poor fellow!" said Father Laval; "that is what comes of modern principles." He had scarcely spoken when from the commission room there came a

loud hurst of laughter so unusual a sound, that every one in that part of the court turned to listen for something to explain it.

"I will mount the wall," said the military gentleman, "if any one will help me. I hope that fellow will get off." And with the assistance of one or two others, he did as he proposed.

"Your turn will be the next, I suppose, my son," said the priest. "Now remember, God helps those that help themselves; make the best you can of your cause; you may come through, after all. Don't throw your life away desperately."

"I will do all I can, father," replied Henry, "to save it, though to what good purpose I can hardly see. However, no man has a right to lay down what God has given him, till He calls for it."

"All's right, all's right!" shouted the officer from the wall. "He is under the protection of the republic; they are making way for him, and he seems laughing and joking as he goes."

Henry hardly heard this intelligence; for his eyes were fixed on the door towards the commission room, as he firmly believed that his summons was now coming. Levrier came forth, and called "Henry Bernard." He wrung Father Laval's hand, received his blessing, followed the gaoler, and the door closed upon him. He followed Levrier but five or six steps, and then found himself in a long, low, white-washed room. At the upper end stood a table, with a green haize cloth, strewed with pens and sheets of paper. At this table sat the five commissioners, Carrier occupying the chair; while the lower part of the room was filled with magistrates' clerks, the officials of the prison, and a few national soldiers. Two of the latter attended Henry to the place where the president motioned him to stand, about a couple of yards from the table; and then the examination began.

"Your name?" said Carrier, whose malignant expression of countenance was heightened by the enormous moustachios which hung down over his mouth, like dried grass over some foul cave.

"Henry Bernard," he replied.

"Ay, yes, so it is," said the president; "an enemy of liberty, of course?"

"I am an American, and persons of that nationality are not usually regarded as enemies of liberty."

While he spoke, the four assistant commissioners appeared to take not the slightest interest in the matter before them. The two to the right of Carrier were talking to each other on some subject which appeared to occupy their whole thoughts; of those on his left, one was asleep, and the other drawing figures on a sheet of paper before him, among which Henry's quick eye caught the representation of a guillotine.

"Oh, but you have been with the Vendéans!" cried Carrier; "I am afraid there is but one way for you. The question is, were you, or were you not, engaged in the Vendean army?"

"If that is the question," answered Henry firmly, "I can only reply that I was."

"We need give ourselves no further trouble, Pelletier," observed Carrier, arousing the sleeping commissioner by poking him with his elbow.

"Eh! what!" cried the person addressed, starting up, and assuming a great appearance of wisdom; "no further trouble, did you say? Certainly not, the case is quite clear."

The three other commissioners laughed without any kind of restraint; and Carrier, turning to the prisoner, observed, "We have agreed that, as it might possibly hurt the feelings of your minister here to have you dealt with by our good friends the citizens of Nantes, we will keep you back a little. Stand aside there. You look to him, Chaumier," addressing one of the turnkeys.

Henry was thus obliged for some two hours to be a spectator of that iniquitous commission. One by one he saw the prisoners brought in from the court, laughed at, jested with, and insulted; and then, with scarcely an exception, dismissed with the technical "The prisoner may be set at liberty." He had ample opportunity of witnessing the various effects which terror produced on the minds of the parties under examination. The flippancy and affected nonchalance of some; the high resolve and unflinching demeanor of oth-

ers ; in some few instances, the irrepressible agony of an expected and bloody death. He had also time to allow his thoughts to gather from that scene the possible fate of Marie before one of the no less terrible revolutionary tribunals of Paris. It could not be, but that in some of the cases brought before him, he should feel for the moment a deep interest ; but still none of the prisoners were known to him, either by sight or name, till Father Laval stood before the tribunal. He caught the priest's eye, the inquiring expression of which seemed to demand in what capacity he was detained there ; but to put or to answer a question, was, of course, a thing impossible.

"A priest, I see," said Carrier, as the father stood before him. "That sort of thing is pretty well over. You are the first of that kind of cattle which has turned in here to-day. Taken the oath to the constitution, I suppose?"

"I have not," replied Father Laval.

"Have not ; how's that?" asked Carrier.

"My conscience prevented my doing it," answered the priest.

"Oho, did it!" cried the president. "I think, citizens, that the prisoner may be set at liberty." And without further remark, Father Laval was hurried from the room.

Already had several prisoners, either from the Royalist army, or from that under M. de la Charrette, been set aside with Henry, and the course of half an hour more increased the number to fourteen or fifteen. At one o'clock, Carrier observed that he had got through so much business as positively to feel an appetite ; and that he believed his friends would find luncheon ready in an adjoining apartment. "But we may as well send these fellows off first," he said, pointing to Henry and those with him.

"By all means," answered Pelletier. "Levrier, get Tarne to look after them."

Accordingly, as soon as the commissioners had retired, Tarne was summoned and appeared.

"Tarne," said Levrier, "our friends here are going on the water ; just have the kindness to pay the boatman ;" and

with a nod of intelligence the turnkey left the room for a moment, and returned with three or four of his brethren. The prisoners were chained together two and two ; and thus made seven couples. Ten of them were men, the rest women ; and none of them, excepting Henry himself, appeared to have any clear idea of the fate that awaited them, as they had been taken in the more distant parts of the country, and had not remained long enough in Nantes to become acquainted with the system adopted there by the republicans. Thus, amidst the jeers of the mob, and through the narrow streets of Nantes, they were conducted on their last journey to the water's edge.

CHAPTER XV.

Now we return to Paris. We left Marie Bernard ignorant of the method by which her liberty had been attained, and consequently of her father's fate ; and pursuing her way to the lodgings which he had occupied since his arrival in Paris.

After a tedious quarter of an hour, the driver stopped before the inn which De Lark had selected ; and on inquiring for M. de Brissac's rooms—for her father had acquainted her with his change of name—she was shown into a better apartment than the look of the house might have warranted her expecting. On asking for Renne the waiter soon called Charles, whose whole behavior—a strange compound of joy at the young lady's liberty and of anguish at the price by which it had been purchased—was, for the moment, a perfect riddle to Marie. At length he gave her a letter, with which M. de Lark, he said, had intrusted him ; and Marie wondered that her father, who intended to rejoin her in a few hours, should be at the pains of leaving a letter to meet her arrival. But she wondered still more at the great agitation evinced by Charles, who, after saying that he would return in a quarter of an hour to know her pleasure, rushed from rather than left the room.

He did return as he said, not knowing in what state he should find Marie. She was standing by the window, with the letter, again folded, in her hands ; and on the entrance of her friend, she spoke to

him in a tone rather low, but so firm that Charles could hardly credit his ears.

"Charles," she said, "my father in thus saving my life will have made me guilty of his blood, unless I can either in my turn save him, or else return to the Saint Lazare and share his fate, whatever it may be. Now, tell me all you know of the matter, that I may judge how to act."

Renne took courage, and gave a tolerably correct account of the steps which De Lark had taken; and once or twice, where he was not quite clear, or not well informed, Marie questioned him again. When he had done, she merely said, "Leave me now, Charles."

As soon as she was alone, Marie endeavored to recall every scheme which she had heard of as proposed, or practised, by prisoners in the Revolution. But she abandoned them, one after another, as impracticable and visionary. At length she remembered De Cailly's observation, that while a petitioner might, with greater hope of success, apply to a lion or a tiger than to Robespierre or Marat, there were moments when Danton might be approached with some degree of safety, and even hope. At all events, it was her only chance; if her father could be saved at all by her means, it would only be by a personal appeal to that terrible man. The more she thought of this plan, the more feasible it seemed to her; besides his other qualities, Danton was far more avaricious than even Robespierre, who gloried in being called the Incorruptible; or Marat, who cared for nothing but blood; he was a villain, it is true, but a villain who had his lights as well as his shades; while the other two seemed utterly destitute of every sentiment which might be supposed to retain some possession of even the worst and most hardened hearts. To Danton, then, she determined to apply; and the only thing to be done was, to obtain information as to his residence; for it might be essential to her purpose to see him alone.

At the end of about half an hour, Marie asked for Renne. On his appearance she said:

"I have made up my mind what to do; but I have no right to ask you to share my

dangers; and I think it would on all accounts be better that you should return at once to the Royalist army. I will give you a letter to M. de la Rochejacquelein, explaining to him what I mean to do; and then —"

But Charles would listen no longer. "There is not, Marie," he said, "man, woman or child, in La Vendee, but would cry shame upon me if I were to leave you now. Only tell me what you mean to do, and what it is you wish me to do, and see if I will not do it to the best of my power. The times look dark enough heaven knows; but they can't look worse than they did when we went into La Fleche, and yet we succeeded there; and so, with God's help, we may now." Having concluded this speech, Charles waited resolutely for his young friend's answer; and when she told him, that if he were willing to expose himself for her and her father's sake, she should only be too thankful to have so valuable an aid, he seemed to consider himself as quite repaid for his offer.

Marie then proceeded to explain to him her plans; and informed him that she had determined, if possible, to see Danton; all, therefore, that he had to do was to discover the private residence of that personage, and to accompany her to it. Renne readily undertook to do the former; and in about half an hour he returned with the information that M. Danton resided at No. 2 Rue de la Paix. "And I find," said he, "that it is usually thought better to see him towards evening; they say then one has a better chance of making him attend."

"Please engage a carriage at once," said Marie, "to be here at 5 o'clock; and till that time adieu."

Five o'clock at length came; the hackney-coach made its appearance, and Renne, who himself would have been quickly arrested and sent to the guillotine had it been known who he was, mounted the box and gave the coachman his orders. In the half hour which that melancholy journey consumed, Marie had ample time to reflect on the miserably small hopes of success which she could reasonably entertain.

Nevertheless, though such an application must at all times have been one of great peril, the present moment was that in which there was perhaps less than at any other period. The party with which Danton acted was completely triumphant; the royalists had long ago been crushed, and now the Girondists also lay prostrate, and Danton shared the supreme power of France with only two rivals. One of these Marat, he thoroughly despised. Nor could he then discern that the moderate talents of Robespierre would ultimately prove his own downfall. So that, what with his reflections on the power to which he had raised himself, his hopes for the future, and his present enjoyment of the series of banquets by which the city of Paris testified their gratitude to him and to his companions, Danton was now in an extremely placid state of mind.

It was nearly 6 o'clock when the coach drew up at his door. The house was one of some pretensions; the door stood open, and ten or a dozen persons were waiting in the hall, on various matters of business. On receiving information that Danton was within, Marie followed the servant into the house, and desired Renne to await her return by the coach.

The servant, on announcing to his master that a lady wished to speak to him, added, with the familiarity which Danton always encouraged, "Quite an aristocratic figure, monsieur; I have not seen such an one here this many a day."

"Tell her to step up, then; and just set a chair on the other side of the table." And in a few moments Marie was ushered into the room.

She thought that she had prepared her mind for its brutal appearance; but the reality far surpassed her imaginations.

Danton had been dining, and was even then loitering over his Burgundy; the table and the sideboard were crowded with a strange mixture of dirty plates, greasy documents connected with the business of the Convention, fragments of the last, or rather, it should seem, of the two or three last meals, a hair-brush and other articles of a similar kind. The furniture looked as if it were never dusted, and the

floor as if it were never washed; the room smelt strongly of cigars and spirits; and the walls were adorned with only one plate, the execution of Louis XVI. But the personal appearance of Danton was quite in keeping with his room. His enormous body, still more enormous head, his uncombed and matted hair, the large teeth which he shewed in speaking, his ill-made clothes, and general ruffian-like appearance, made him seem, at least so it appeared to the frightened eyes of Marie, the very image of a giant in his den. On entering the apartment she trembled so much as to excite the notice of the republican.

"Why, madam," he said, in his loud, harsh voice, "you seem frightened at something. What's the matter? Let me hear if I can give you a helping hand."

Had Marie been as well acquainted with Danton as those who associated with him, she would have known that this speech was for him an extreme proof of affability and condescension: as she was not, it did not very much tend to restore her composure. However, she sank down into the chair to which Danton had motioned her, for he did not think of giving himself the trouble to rise when she entered the room.

"I may well be frightened, monsieur," she began, "for I am in very great trouble." And her terror and agitation stopped her voice.

"Trouble!" said Danton. "Hang it, so is half France; but what's that to me?"

"Only I thought, monsieur—I thought that perhaps if I stated the cause, you might be able to do something for me."

"Able enough, I dare say," replied the other, with a noise which he intended for a laugh; "but the question is, whether I shall choose." And as he spoke, he poured himself out another glass of wine, and drank it off.

"My father," she said, "is now a prisoner in the S. Lazare as an aristocrat; and I know not to whom to apply but to yourself, with any hope for procuring either his liberation, or else at least a favorable hearing. I ought to say," she continued, almost fearing that she was insulting Danton,—as if a nature like his

had been susceptible of such an insult,—
 “I ought to say, that my father has a considerable sum of money in Poitou, now in the care of some friends at present with the Vendean army; and they, I am sure, would gladly contribute anything in reason which might be required to procure his release.”

Danton said nothing for about a minute, but sat gazing at Marie. At last he said, in a careless manner:

“What is your father’s name?”

“De Lark,” she answered.

“And yours—De Lark, too?”

“No, monsieur, I am married. My name is Bernard.

“Where is your husband?”

“If he is living, monsieur,” she answered in a low voice, “he is at Nantes.”

“At Nantes, is he?” asked Danton. “How came he there?”

“He was taken prisoner in Poitou, and they carried him there at once.”

“Well,” said Danton, “so you want your father to be set at liberty?”

“If I only dared to hope it,” she answered.

“Well, child, well, you must remember,” said he, “that nothing in this world can be done for nothing; that money of which you spoke must be forthcoming. What sum does it amount to?”

“My father left in Poitou ten thousand francs; but I am sure that his friends would endeavor to raise double that sum.”

“Very well,” said Danton, “then there are three things which you must remember. The first is, that those francs must be forthcoming at once; the second, that you say not a word to any one of your having been here with me; and the third, that you keep in the way if I happen to send for you. Do you understand?”

Marie promised obedience to all that he required. “I had better,” she said, “continue where I am now staying.”

“Where is that?”

She mentioned the place; and Danton, after considering for a moment, said, “That will do very well. I give you my word, that as soon as the money is paid in, your father shall be set free.”

Marie at once, with the aid of Renne, set about to obtain the required bribe.

After sacrificing everything that belonged to the family on which money could be raised, and borrowing from friends, twenty-five thousand francs were obtained. The twenty thousand were given to Danton, and then he demanded ten thousand more. After doing their very best Renne and Marie could not get over three thousand, which with their five thousand, fell two thousand short.

About 9 o’clock on the morning of St. Peter’s day, Marie received a note from Danton, expressed in sufficiently civil terms, and telling her to call on him at noon with the balance of what was due as he could wait no longer. There was no answer, the landlord said, and the man who brought the letter had gone away.

With some trepidation, Marie prepared for her third visit to the terrible democrat. Punctual to the time she reached the house, and again was ushered into the presence of Danton. It appeared as though some slight attempt had been made to divest the apartment which he occupied of some part of its usual brutality; the floor and tables were restored to something like order, and Danton himself made as near an approach to civility as his nature would allow.

“Pray be seated, Madame Bernard. I am glad that you obeyed my request at once.”

“It was not likely, monsieur, that I should have any engagement which would prevent my doing so,” replied Marie, with a sad smile. “My one object in coming to Paris was to save my father’s life: if I can accomplish that, I shall only too gladly return to my own country.”

“Well, madame, here is the order for the release of your father, and where are the ten thousand francs?”

“Monsieur, I could only raise eight thousand, although I made every effort. It is absolutely impossible for me to get more.”

“But I said ten thousand, and I mean to stick to my demand,” said Danton.

“You first promised to release my father for twenty thousand francs, and you did not keep your word. In raising that sum I had not such great trouble. But now my father’s friends in

Vendee think that I am being swindled and they will not let me have more money, for they need it themselves so much in pushing their cause. And I am too much a patriot to wish them to cripple themselves in my behalf."

"That is true what you say," replied Danton. "Well, I suppose I must be satisfied. Give me the eight thousand."

"God bless you, sir!" exclaimed Marie, bursting into tears, and handing him the money.

"I care not for your God's blessing," replied Danton briefly.

"When will my father be set free," inquired Marie through her tears.

"I think that in about a week our friend the guillotine will free his spirit," said Danton, brutally. "This money you have given to me goes to the support of the republic. It is a new means we have adopted in order to make the aristocrats help bear the expense of governing France, and of supporting the armies which their insurrections and plottings make necessary."

"Mercy! mercy!" cried Marie, stunned by the cruel words and throwing herself on her knees before the villain.

Danton looked at Marie's beautiful face a moment with a diabolical grin, and then stooped over and tried to kiss her. With a cry of horror she sprang to her feet.

"Come, I want a kiss," said Danton. "Am I to have it?"

Marie made no answer.

"You won't speak?" said Danton, raising his hand, as if to strike her.

She paused a moment, and then said, with a firmness almost surprising to herself:

"Yes, I will speak. God sometimes lets the wicked triumph in this world; but I do not believe he will permit such enor-

inous villainy to succeed even here. You think to frighten me. Do I look as if I were frightened? Do with me as you like. I trust in God to protect me and those whom I love; and for you I feel nothing but the deepest contempt and loathing."

"Indeed!" said Danton, terribly enraged. "To prison you shall go; and you shall see your father suffer. You shall both be freed at the same time," he added with an ugly laugh.

"God forbid!" said Marie.

Danton rang the bell. "We shall see what comes of your trust in God. I never believed there was one; so if He wishes to prove there is, now will be a good time. —A hackney-coach to the door for this person, Sausette.

"There is one at the door, monsieur, that she came in."

"Very well. I will trouble you to step into it, Madame Bernard," said Danton, rising, and laying his hand on Marie's shoulder. He thus moved her down stairs; scratched a few lines on a piece of paper with a pencil that he took from his waistcoat pocket; bade the servant let down the steps; and then said, "I wish you joy, madame. —To La Bourbe, Sausette; and give this to the governor."

During her sad ride thither, Marie had full leisure to think over her miserable condition. Her only comfort was, that, as if by a sort of presentiment, she had not allowed Renne to accompany her. Her fate would at least be known; and it was but three days before that she had found what the landlord of the Vieil Coq had assured her was a very safe opportunity to forward an account of her proceedings to M. de Lescure. To him she had told the whole; and had added that she expected a third interview with Danton in a day or two.

CAPTAIN NATHAN HALE.

By R. S. HARTWELL.

The impartial reader will question the justice of history, which has done so much for the memory of Andre, and left that of Hale in comparative oblivion. And yet little difference can be discovered in their cases. Both were possessors of genius and taste, both were endowed with all excellent qualities and attainments, both were impelled by a desire to serve the cause of their respective countries, and both suffered a similar death, but under vastly different circumstances. And yet a magnificently sculptured monument in Westminster Abbey perpetuates the name of the English officer, while no one knows where sleeps the ashes of Hale, and neither stone nor epitaph tells us of the services rendered by him; while the first is honored in every quarter where the English language is spoken, the name of the latter is unknown to many of his countrymen.

Nathan Hale was not twenty years of age when the first gun of the revolution broke upon the ears of the colonists. The patriotic cause at once aroused his enthusiastic love for liberty and justice, and without pausing for a moment to consider the prudence of such a step, his ardent nature prompted him at once to throw himself into the ranks of his country's defenders. Distinguished as a scholar and respected by all who knew him for his brilliant talents, he was at once tendered a captain's commission in the light infantry. He served in the regiment commanded by Colonel Knowlton, and was with the army in its retreat after the disastrous battle of Long Island.

After the army had retired from New York, and while it was posted on the heights at Harlem, Washington earnestly desired to be made acquainted with the force and contemplated movements of the enemy, and for this purpose applied to Colonel Knowlton to select some individual capable of performing the dangerous

service. Knowlton applied to Hale, who, on becoming acquainted with the wishes of Washington, immediately volunteered his services. He stated, that his object in joining the army was not merely for fame but to serve his country; that as yet no opportunity had offered for him to render any signal aid to her cause, and when a duty so imperative and so important as this was demanded of him, he was ready to sacrifice not only life, but all hope of glory, and to suffer the ignominy which its failure would cast upon his name. His friends endeavored to, dissuade him from the undertaking, but duty impelled him to the step.

Having disguised himself as a schoolmaster, he crossed the sound at Fairfield, to Huntingdon, and proceeded thence to Brooklyn. This was in September, 1776. When he arrived at Brooklyn the enemy had already taken possession of New York. He crossed over to the city, his disguise unsuspected, and pursued the objects of his mission. He examined all their fortifications with care, and obtained every possible information relative to the number of the enemy and their intentions. Having accomplished all that he could, he left the city, and retraced his steps to Huntingdon. While here, waiting for a boat to convey him across the sound, he was taken prisoner. There are great discrepancies in the various accounts which are given of his arrest, but all agree that it was through the means of a refugee cousin, who detected his disguise. According to one account, while he was at Huntingdon, a boat came to the shore, which Hale at first supposed to be one from Connecticut, but which proved to be from an English vessel lying in the sound. He incautiously approached the boat and was recognized by his tory relative, who was in the boat at the time. He was arrested and sent to New York.

There cannot be a more striking proof

of the different value set upon the services of Andre and Hale by their respective nations, than the fact afforded by the different manner of their arrest. There was not a single circumstance connected with the capture of Andre but what is known to every reader of history, but in the case of Hale, who stands Andre's equal in every particular, it is not even known with certainty how his disguise was discovered. We have a few uncertain legends relative to it, but these are widely different, some making him arrested on the sound, some on the island, and others on the outskirts of the city. But there was one circumstance connected with Hale's capture which should enhance our sympathy for him. Andre fell into American hands by means of the watchfulness and fidelity of our own soldiers; but Hale was betrayed by the base perfidy and treason of a relative.

We are all aware of what followed the capture of Andre. He was tried before an honorable court, and while strict justice demanded his life, the necessity was deplored by his judges, and his fate aroused in every heart the keenest sympathy and the deepest sorrow. But how widely different was the unhappy end of the noble Hale! He was surrendered to that fiend, Cunningham, the provost marshal, and ordered to immediate execution, without even the formality of a trial. On the twenty-first of September, 1776, he was dragged to the spot designed for the purpose, and there accompanied by only a few privates, his sentence was brutally executed. His manner was undaunted, and his soul never flinched in the moment of trial. Previous to the execution, he had, by permission, addressed a few lines to his family, but these, after his death, were destroyed by Cunningham, and the

reason assigned for this was, "that the rebels should never know they had a man in their army who could die with such firmness." The use of a bible, and the attendance of a minister were denied him; and thus surrounded by mocking lips and unpitying hearts, his noble soul took flight.

It must be remembered, in measuring the character of Hale, that it was not hope of promotion, nor promise of pecuniary reward that induced him to take the step he did. Nothing but an earnest wish to serve his country impelled him to the course, and this circumstance removes every stigma that would otherwise hang upon him as a spy, and elevates him to the rank of a martyr.

It is absurd to argue that there is any difference between the cases of Andre and Hale. Both were taken within the enemy's lines, disguised in assumed characters, and this made them amenable to the stern construction of military law. There is not a shadow of reason for elevating the character of Andre above that of Hale. Indeed, when we remember the last words of each, the American officer appears as the grander hero of the two. "Bear witness," said Andre, "that I die like a brave man." His last thoughts were selfish, and he wished only for the preservation of his own unstained honor. But the thoughts of Hale were upon his native land, "he only lamented that he had but one life to lose for his country."

Several efforts have been made, at different times, to erect a monument to Hale. But it has not yet been done. In 1835, congress voted a thousand dollars towards this object, but no action has since been taken upon it. It is a trite and often quoted saying, "that republics are ungrateful." Is not this history a convincing evidence of its truth in at least one case?

ANDREW POE AND THE INDIAN BIGFOOT.

By THKODORE BENTLEY.

Andrew Poe lived in Washington county, Pennsylvania, in 1781. The Indians in the neighborhood were very troublesome about that time, and often attacked the settlers. The pioneers were in the habit of retaliating on their savage foes by sending small parties into the Indian country, who did what damage they could.

One night in the spring of 1781 the Indians fell upon the settlements and murdered several women and children. At daylight a party of twelve backwoodsmen set off in pursuit of the savages. Andrew Poe and his brother Adam were members of the company. When the pursuers reached a river about twelve miles distant, they found that the trail led down its course. In crossing the stream Andrew observed that where the Indians had stepped into the water it was still roily, and cautioned the men to keep quiet.

They would not pay any attention to him, so in disgust he left his companions, and went down to the river bank. Looking up the stream he saw two Indians with their guns in their hands bending over and looking down the river in the direction of the noise. One of them was very large, and Poe recognized him as a celebrated Indian called Bigfoot. The thought occurred to Poe that he would shoot the big Indian and take the other prisoner. Accordingly he squatted down in the weeds, they not having observed him. In a moment he crept up to the brow of the bank, put his gun through the weeds, took deliberate aim at the big Indian, who was three feet in advance of the other, and pulled the trigger of his gun. The hammer fell with a click, but the gun missed fire. At the snap of the trigger both Indians growled "Woh! Woh!"

On seeing that his gun had missed fire, Poe instantly drew his head back, and the Indians did not see him. At the same moment the other white men discovered

the main party of the savages and opened fire on them. This drew the attention of Bigfoot and his companion. Again Poe drew a sight on the big Indian and pulled the trigger of his gun, but it a second time missed fire.

Enraged at the ineffectiveness of his piece Poe threw it to one side and sprang out of his hiding place at the Indians. They wheeled about at the snap of the piece, but had not time to raise their guns before Poe was upon them, catching both of them around the neck. His weight coming on them so suddenly threw them both down.

Bigfoot fell on his back with Poe on top of him and with his left arm around his neck. The smaller Indian was rather behind Poe, whose right arm was about his neck. In the scuffle both Indians dropped their guns. They had a raft fastened to the shore close by where they were standing, on which were their tomahawks, shot-pouches, and knives.

Poe's knife was in the scabbard attached to his shot-pouch, which was pressed between him and Bigfoot. By stretching his arm which was around his big opponent's neck he managed to get a slight hold on the handle and was trying to draw it out when Bigfoot, observing the move caught his arm and spoke in his own tongue very vehemently to the other Indian, who was struggling hard to get loose.

Poe's attempts to get his knife were not very successful. At last he jerked with all his might. Bigfoot instantly let his arm go, and Andrew, not having a good hold of the handle and it coming out unexpectedly because of Bigfoot's so suddenly losing his grasp, the knife flew out of Poe's hand, and at the same time the smaller Indian managed to break away.

Bigfoot threw his long arms about Poe's body and hugged him like a bear, while the other Indian sprang to the raft, which

was only about six feet off, brought a tomahawk, and struck at the white man's head. As Poe saw the stroke descending he threw up his foot and hit the Indian on the wrist with the toe of his shoe, knocking the tomahawk out of the savage's hand and it flew into the river.

Bigfoot yelled furiously at his companion who sprang to the raft and got the other tomahawk. After making several motions he again struck at Poe's head. This time the latter threw up his right arm and received the blow on his wrist. It cut through one bone and the cords of three of his fingers, disabling all the fingers of his hand save the forefinger.

Poe instantly jerked his arm back when he felt himself struck, and the tomahawk, catching in the sinews of his arm, was jerked out of the Indian's hand. Thinking that Poe was defenceless with his arm so badly injured, Bigfoot instantly let go his hold and both he and Poe sprang to their feet.

Bigfoot was badly mistaken in thinking that the fight was out of Poe. With remarkable quickness the white man seized with his left hand one of the guns belonging to the Indians, and it being already cocked, he shot the smaller Indian through the body.

As the report of the gun rang out Bigfoot seized Poe by the collar and hip and threw him into the river. Just as he was leaving the grasp of the Indian Poe threw his left hand back and caught him by his buckskin breechclout and, not being well balanced after his effort at throwing Poe, Bigfoot pitched into the river also. The water was quite deep and they both went under. Then a desperate battle commenced, each trying to drown the other, and sometimes one was under the water, sometimes the other, and sometimes both.

In the struggle they were carried about thirty yards out into the river. Poe at length seized the tuft of hair on the scalp of the Indian, by which he held his head under the surface until he supposed him drowned. But he himself was sinking. Not being able to do much with his right hand, he threw it on the back of Bigfoot's neck, which was just beneath the surface,

and swam with his left hand to rest himself a moment.

But Bigfoot had been playing possum. When he felt that Poe had no hold on him he suddenly struck out and easily managed to get beyond the reach of his enemy. He swam for shore with all his speed, and Poe followed as fast as he could, but having only one hand to swim with, he could not catch him.

As soon as Bigfoot got out of the water he ran to where the gun lay which had not been fired and tried to cock it. In his haste he disabled the lock. Throwing it down he picked up the one with which Poe had killed his companion, and went to the raft for the shot-pouch and powder-horn, and commenced loading.

In the meantime, as soon as Poe saw that he could not prevent Bigfoot from reaching the arms first, he struck out for the other shore calling loudly for help in the hope that his companions would hear him.

Fortunately for him, his brother Adam heard his cries and came running to his assistance. He arrived just as Bigfoot began to load and took in the situation at a glance. His own piece was empty and he started to load too. It was a life and death race, and was about equal, when Bigfoot, slightly unnerved by his previous experience, drew his ramrod too hastily and it slipped out of his hands and fell a little distance from him. He quickly caught it up and rammed down his bullet. This little delay gave Adam the advantage, so that just as Bigfoot raised his gun to shoot Andrew Poe, Adam's ball entered the breast of the savage and he fell forward on his face upon the very margin of the river.

Adam, alarmed for his brother, who was now scarcely able to swim, jumped into the river to assist him to shore, but Andrew, thinking more of the honor of securing the big Indian's scalp as a trophy than of his own safety, called loudly upon his brother to leave him alone and to scalp Bigfoot. Adam, however, refused to obey, and insisted upon saving the living before attending to the dead. Bigfoot, in the meantime, had succeeded in reaching the deep water before he expired, and his

hody was borne off by the current without being stripped of the ornament and pride of an Indian warrior.

But poor Andrew Poe's misfortunes were not yet ended. Hearing his cries the rest of his companions came running up. They had just put the main party of the Indians to flight. On seeing Andrew in the river they mistook him for an Indian and fired on him. One of the balls wounded him seriously, entering his right

shoulder near the junction with the neck, passing through his body and coming out on his left side. This was the worst injury he received. Adam stopped the firing and managed to get his brother ashore. Andrew Poe recovered from his wounds and lived many years after his memorable conflict, but he never forgot the tremendous "hug" he sustained in the arms of Bigfoot. Both of the Indians were larger than Poe.

THE LAPP MAIDEN'S SONG.

By HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

My lover he comes on the skee,* on the skee,
 And his staff o'er his head he is swinging.
 The hawk in the air is not fleetier than he,
 As he scuds o'er the snow on the skee, on the skee,
 And the wind in his wake is singing.

My lover he comes, the merry brown lad,
 From the cloud-land he speeds to our meeting.
 I hear from the heights his shouts so glad,
 And a-heigh and oho comes my merry brown lad,
 And the mountain-peaks ring with his greeting.

Oh, hie thee, my love, to the tryst, to the tryst,
 Ere the Night quench her torches above thee!
 Like an antlered deer dost thou cleave through the mist.
 Oh, hie thee to me, to the tryst, to the tryst,
 For I love thee, I love thee, I love thee!

November Lippincott's.

*Norwegian snow-shoes.

AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

The Atlantic Monthly for October contains an instructive description of the manner in which President Hayes was elected, written by Professor Monroe of Oberlin College, who was a member of Congress at that time. The article states clearly the causes of the difficulty, the method of choosing the commission, and how that method was adopted by Congress. The story is told in a non-partisan spirit, and is very readable. The young men of to-day would do well to study this article in order to post themselves on a subject which they are accustomed to speak of glibly, but of which very few have a real knowledge. Captain Mahan, who has written several important articles relating to marine matters, has in this number a paper on "The Isthmus and Sea Power." "The Gothenburg System in America" is a helpful contribution to the understanding of the Gothenburg mode of regulating the control of the liquor traffic, by E. R. L. Gould. A paper which will be read with no little interest is one by James L. High on "The Tilden Trust, and Why It Failed." Mr. High shows how it was that the charitable purpose of Mr. Tilden was defeated while that of John Crerar was sustained.

As one can see miles of landscape through a pin-hole so the progress of the whole world seems visible through Current Literature with its forty departments in prose and verse, all thoroughly up to date in matter and spirit. This magazine is edited with a keen appreciation of values and balance, and the October number shows a delicate blending of the serious and the humorous, fact and criticism, poetry and prose so as to constitute a magazine with something for every member of the family so that while it is excellent as a literary magazine of the highest character, it is eminently popular avoiding all dryness and heaviness. Its prize

of one hundred dollars for the best original World's Fair article contributed to its pages during the past six months has been awarded to Miss Hildegard Hawthorne, a daughter of Julian Hawthorne. The prize article "The Arabian Torture-Dance," is a strong weird bit of writing, full of life, color and dramatic force.

Of Short Stories for November it is sufficient to say that there is no falling off from the position it has attained. The selections are varied and interesting and of high standard in literary merit. As an exponent of story telling style this magazine is without a rival. A strong department is that of the famous Short Stories of the World. The titles of the special features given in the November number are: "Carnival Tuesday," "The Story of Elisabetta Sirani," "One Blind Eye," "Ginevra's Marriage," "A debt of Fortv-one Sous," "The St. Lawrence and the Nile (prize story)," "An Affair of the Heart," and "Love and Tamales."

Robert P. Porter contributes to McClure's Magazine for October, an interesting biographical sketch of Thomas B. Reed. Discussing the Maine statesman's literary tastes the writer says that he thinks Thackeray is the greatest novelist and Charles Reade the greatest story teller in the English language, but that his favorite author is Balzac. The portraits in the "Human Documents" this month are of Mr. Reed, Miss Willard, Bill Nye and George W. Cable. Notable articles are "The Harvard Psychological Laboratory," "Mountaineering Adventure," "Lord Dunraven, His Career as War Correspondent, Yachtsman and Public Man," and a story by Walter Besant, called "A Splendid Time Ahead."

In the October Review of Reviews William E. Smythe has an instructive contribution on the "Irrigation Idea and Its Coming Congress," which shows what

wonderful results have been obtained in the arid regions of the west by means of irrigation. Two articles on the Revival of the Historial Pilgrimage," written by Lyman P. Powell and W. T. Stead respectively, demonstrate the value to students of excursions to localities that have a historic interest under the direction and instruction of persons who are fitted to lecture upon them. Edward B. Howell writes exhaustively on the silver side of the silver question, falling back upon the theory of the advance of gold. A character sketch of Walter Besant by John Underhill is the last of the special features. There is the usual record of current events.

In an article in the October *Cosmopolitan* entitled "Rome, the Capital of a New Republic," Marion Crawford speaks in high terms of the political shrewdness of Leo XIII., whom he likens to Gladstone and Lincoln, saying that the characters of the three men have much in common. The Pope, he thinks, is essentially a man of action. There is an interesting article by George Ebers, an authority on all things Egyptian, which tells of the papyrus plants and of the history of papyrus. "Notes of Ancient Rome," also of the hidden treasures that have been discovered in the Eternal City. Among the remaining papers are "Peter Linnet's Interview," an amusing and pathetic story of a missionary in India; "Some Rejected Princesses," "Canoeing in America," and "Mary of Modena," by Edgar Fawcett.

The most notable paper in the October *Century* is a part of the diary of John R. Glover, Secretary to Rear Admiral Sir George Cockburn of the ship *Northumberland*, which carried Napoleon to St. Helena. This diary is now published for the first time. It gives one a close view of the great exile, and is highly interesting reading. Napoleon talked very freely to the admiral of his career and of the famous men with whom he had come in contact, and although Mr. Glover had the English

prejudice against this "scourge of mankind" he seems to have found little to criticise in his conduct on board ship.

The *Century Co.* has bought well nigh the complete literary "out-put" of Mark Twain during his year of residence abroad, and both *The Century* and *St. Nicholas* will have serial stories by this popular humorist among the attractions of the new year. For *The Century* he has written a novel which is said to abound with humorous and dramatic incident, and in some chapters to be a revelation of tragic power. Its plot includes a most ingenious employment of science in the detection of crime. It is called "Pudd'n'head Wilson," and like "Huckleberry Finn" and "Tom Sawyer" is a story of a Mississippi steamboat town. For the boy and girl readers of *St. Nicholas* he has written "Tom Sawyer Abroad," being the adventures of Tom Sawyer, accompanied by Huckleberry Finn and the negro "Jim," in the Eastern Hemisphere—which is not reached in the ordinary way, but accidentally, as it were, and in a flying-machine.

The North American Review for October opens with articles on "The Business Outlook" by the President of the New York Chamber of Commerce, and the Presidents of the Consolidated Stock and Petroleum Exchange, the Cotton Exchange and the Coffee Exchange of New York city. The writers agree that the repeal of the Sherman law is the demand of the hour. Representatives McMillan, Dalzell and Bryan of the Ways and Means committee of the House discuss "The Coming Tariff Legislation" from the standpoint of the parties to which they belong. A third series of papers is on "The Women of To-day," and is characterized by great variety of treatment. Sir Charles Dilke contributes an article on the subject, "Can Europe Afford Her Armies?" and answers the question in the affirmative. Other contributions are: "The Warship of the Future," by Admiral Colomb of the royal navy; "The Southern Confederacy and the Pope."

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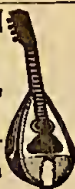
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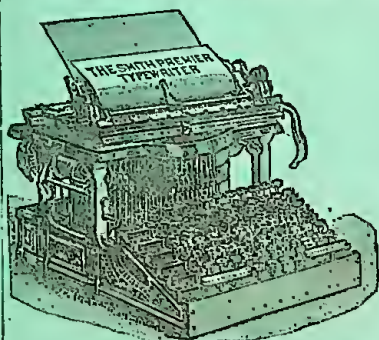
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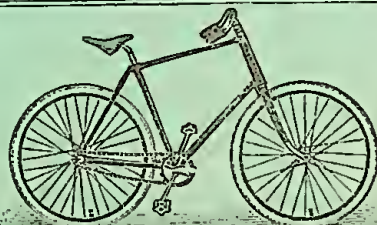
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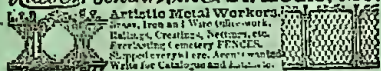
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